National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

BLASPHEMY IN THE PULPIT.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE thanksgiving sermons preached on Thursday in this city were of a very commonplace character. There was nothing in them. Very different is the sermon of a Rev. Mr. Frothingham on "the morality of the riot." It is full of the most startling blasphemy, and so depraved are some of the public journals that they regard it either lightly or actually commend it to their readers. Mr. Frothingham says there was a riot of one week in the ancient city of Jerusalem, instigated by the Pharisees against Jesus Christ, whom Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, would not interfere to protect, because the rioters were only playing his own game and strengthening the Roman power and authority. He surrendered him into their hands to crucify him. In the same manner Frothingham says "there was a riot of several days in the city of New York, during which the rioters hungered for the blood of one man, a man whom some call visionary, but whose visions are all of the redemption of the people; whom some call a fool, but who, if he seems a fool, is foolish that the people may be wise; a man who has lived for the people and suffered for the people, and been laughed at when he suffered and because he suffered. This was the man whose blood was hungered for"; and the preacher caps the climax by announcing that this man was Horace Greeley. The comparison fails in one point. We did not learn that Greeley was crucified. Could the audacity of blasphemy further go? Is it any wonder that niggers are declared to be equal to white men by a fanatical clergy, when Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, is placed on a level with Horace Greeley, a man who advocated the doctrine of the amalgamation of blacks and whites, and the free love system proclaimed by Fanny Wright, ignoring the obligations of marriage, and who for years championed in his journal and by lectures the theories of Fourier and the phalanxes established in this country by Owen and others for the purpose of breaking down all social distinctions and the rights of property, thus overthrowing Christianity, and founding on its ruins a new infidel and agrarian system, whose distinguishing principle is that "all property is robbery." Horace Greeley has been the strenuous advocate of what are called Women's Rights and every social and political abomination of the day—a man who has done more than any other in the United States to produce the present civil war which is desolating the country.

Yet this is the man who is put in comparison with Christ, and his sufferings placed in the same category with those which redeemed the world. It is the first time we have ever heard of the sufferings of Greeley. We rather think he has spent his whole life in making other people suffer, taking good care to avoid all suffering himself. Why is this Frothingham not called to account at once and expelled from the Church for his blasphemy? Have we not in teachings like his the key to the fanaticism which has labored for thirty years to break up this Union, and succeeded at last in involving the nation in the bloodiest war recorded in the book of time?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The N. Y. World—Copperhead.

WHATEVER may be thought of the judgment of Wendell Phillips, all men must concede to him the rare merit, in these days of sneakiness, of frankness and boldness. Of course Republicans who are simply Abolitionists minus the frankness and boldness, and who sought to accomplish through "a Yankee trick" the object he proposed, are indignant at his "speaking out in meetin'." He owns honestly that he and his school worked for Abolition at the cost of disunion, and he must look with ineffable contempt upon those allies, who, working for the same end, palter with the truth, and under verbiage strive to conceal that they were willing to pay the same price as he was. They were of that class that "would not play false and yet unfairly win," while he knows and proclaims that such a result is impossible and that loaded dice are loaded dice, no matter how honest they look. The Republicans occupied toward the Southern States the position of the Montague retainer picking a quarrel with the Capulets. We all recall that wonderful picture by Shakespeare. He bites his thumb, an insult and a provocation to combat well understood by an European populace. "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" Upon learning that the law will not bear him out, he replies: "No, sir; I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but, sirs," repeating the gesture, "I bite my thumb." Of course swords were out in a moment. So the Republicans said: There is a higher law than the Constitution. Do you not mean to obey the Constitution? Certainly all owe obedience to the Constitution, but there is a higher law. "The Union cannot exist part slave and part free." Do you mean that our rights will be affected? Not at all; but the Union cannot exist part slave and part free, and it shall not be all slave. If the tendency of the Republican theory of politics finds its prototype in Shakespeare, its morality finds another in Paul Clifford. "If you want anything a man has," said the venerated Peter McGrowler to Beetle Paul, "try to do without it, for it is his; but if you cannot, get it by insinivation, not bluster." Paul, however, being of the Wendell Phillips order of mind, preferred the "bluster," and took to the road; while McGrowler, who was of the Seward caliber of "insinivation," stuck to that safer pursuit of petty larceny which he advised.

A PENNY APIECE.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE obtaining of signatures to petitions for any purpose in creation has been usually considered a very easy work. A little perseverance and energy, and just a trifle of impudence, are all that is commonly required to procure rods of names. Some years ago a wag in a certain city made a bet that he would in a few hours obtain a large number of signatures of well known and respectable citizens to a petition requesting the Governor to hang an innocent and beloved clergyman of that city. Before dinner the wager was won; and the facetious winner then offered to bet that he would get the Rev. Dr.'s own name upon the extraordinary petition. The losing party, convinced that nothing was impossible to a persistent hunter for autographs, prudently declined the bet.

The members of the Women's Loyal National League seem to be deficient in industry and energy, or they would be more successful than they have been in procuring subscribers to their universal emancipation petition. This petition we should think would be readily signed by all persons who did not read the document to which they were appending their names. This, of course, would be a vast majority of the signers. Notwithstanding the amazing facility with which this kind of work is ordinarily dispatched, the loyal leagueresses have obtained, after several weeks' solicitation, a very small proportion of the 1,000,000 names which they are in quest of. At the present rate of progress the number will be completed somewhere towards the end of the present century.

To hurry up matters and bring the consummation of this great scheme within the compass of a common lifetime, the Women's National Loyal League have adopted a system of operations which is perfectly original, very curious, but not, we suspect, well adapted for the promotion of their grand object. To pay the expense of "preparing, circulating and presenting the petitions," they have determined to levy a poll tax of one cent upon each signer. Though small change is at a premium, nothing is insuperable to the energy of an obstinate canvasser; and if the pennies went into the pockets of those who collected them, we should have no hesitation in saying that the million of autographs could be obtained in a short time, especially if attractive and coaxing canvassers were employed. But the Loyal League, with a remarkable deficiency in business tact, propose to keep the pennies themselves, and bestow only badges and freememberships upon persons who shall get 50 names each (and the accompanying pennies always). There never was a more ingenious plan than this one for missing an object. The Women's Loyal League may collect a few thousand old coppers, which, in the present scarcity of these coins, may be sold at a premium; but we suspect that it will be a very long time before they see their way beyond the first tenth of that million.

It is impossible to refrain from admiring in this connection the quiet, successful business operations of the many ladies' relief associations in this country. They never ask for money to carry on their work, but only for soldiers, for whom every penny of it is scrupulously expended. They offer no rewards of merit or other common incentives for well doing, but trust to the free labors of good ladies throughout the country, and to the generosity of merchants and other business men to help them, and they do not trust in vain. This is the advantage of uniting practical tact to unostentatious Christian benevolence.

Selections.

THE RETURN OF REBELLIOUS STATES TO THE UNION.

LETTER FROM THE HON. WM. WHITING.

To the Union League of Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter has been received, in which you have done me the honor of requesting me to address the members of the Union League of Philadelphia upon subjects connected with the present state of public affairs.

I have expected, until recently, to be able to comply with your invitation: but as my engagements will, for the present, place it out of my power to do so, I beg permission to make a few suggestions for your consideration.

DANGERS IN THE PRESENT CRISIS OF THE WAR.

However brilliant the success of our military operations has been, the country is encompassed by dangers. Two wars are still waged between the citizens of the United States—a war of ARMS and a war of Ideas. Achievements in the field cannot much outstrip the victories of the forum. While we fix our attention upon the checkered fortunes of our heroic soldiers, and trace their marches over hills and villages made memorable through all time by their disasters or their triumphs; while we are filled with alternating hopes and fears, with exultations and disappointments; while our brothers and sons are rudely torn from their homes, and the weeds of the mother and sister record in the family the tearful glory of the fallen brave; while the movements of our vast armies, in all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war—the thunder of their guns—the news of their brilliant successes fill the head and heart, let us not forget that there is another war, waged by men not less brave, for victories not less renowned, than are won on battle-fields.

The deadly struggle is between civilization and barbarism—freedom and slavery—republicanism and aristocracy—loyalty and treason.

The true patriot will watch with profound interest the fortunes of this intellectual and moral conflict, because the issue involves the country's safety, prosperity and honor. If victory shall crown the efforts of those brave men who believe and trust in God, then shall all this bloody sacrifice be consecrated, and the years of suffering shall exalt us among the nations; if we fail, no triumph of brute force can compensate the world for our unfathomable degradation.

Let us then endeavor to appreciate the difficulties of our present position.

Of several subjects to which, were it now in my power, I would ask your earnest attention, I can speak of one only.

As the success of the Union cause shall become more certain and apparent to the enemy in various localities, they will lay down arms and cease fighting. Their bitter and deep-rooted hatred of the government and of all Northern men who are not traitors and of all Southern men who are loyal, will still remain interwoven in every fibre of their hearts and will be made, if possible, more intense by the humiliation of conquest and subjection. The foot of the conqueror planted upon their proud necks will not sweeten their tempers, and their defiant and treacherous nature will seek to revenge itself in murders, assassinations, and all underhand methods of venting a spite which they dare not manifest by open war, and in driving out of their borders all loyal men. To suppose that a Union sentiment will remain in any considerable number of men, among a people who have strained every nerve and made every sacrifice to destroy the Union, indicates dishonesty, insanity, or feebleness of intellect.

The inhabitants of the conquered districts will begin by claiming the right to exercise the powers of government, and under their construction of "State rights," to get control of the lands, personal property, slaves, free blacks, and poor whites, and a legalized power, through the instrumentality of State laws, made to answer their own purposes, to oppose and prevent the execution of the Constitution and laws of the United States, within districts of the country inhabited by them.

Thus, for instance—When South Carolina shall have ceased fighting, she will say to the President, "We have now laid down our arms; we submit to the authority of the United States government. You may restore your Custom Houses, your Courts of Justice; and if we hold any public property, we give it up; we now have chosen Senators and Representatives to Congress, and demand their admission, and the full establishment of all our 'State rights' and our restoration to all our former privileges and immunities as citizens of the United States."

This demand is made by men who are traitors in heart; men who hate and despise the Union; men who never had a patriotic sentiment; men who, if they could, would hang every friend of the government. But for the sake of getting power into their own hands by our concession, which they could not obtain by fighting, and for the sake of avoiding their national crimes, they will demand restoration under the guise of claiming "State rights."

What will be the consequence of yielding to this demand?

They will gain the right of managing their affairs according to their will and pleasure, and not according to the will and pleasure of the People of the United States.

They will be enabled by the intervention of their State laws and State Courts to put and maintain themselves in effectual and perpetual opposition to the laws and Constitution of the United States, as they have done for thirty-five years past. They will have the power to pass such local laws as will effectually exclude all Northern men, all soldiers, all free blacks and all persons and things which shall be inconsistent with the theory of making slavery the cornerstone of their local government; and they may make slavery perpetual, in violation of the laws of the United States and proclamations of the President. They may continue the enforcement of those classes of laws against free speech and freedom of the press, which will forever exclude popular education and all other means of moral, social and political advancement.

They may send back to Congress the same traitors and conspirators who have once betrayed the country into civil war, and who will thwart and embarrass all measures tending to restore the Union by harmonizing the interests and the institutions of the people; and so, being introduced into camp, as the wooden horse into Troy, gain by fraud and treason that which they could not achieve by feats of arms. The insanity of "State rights" doctrines will be nourished and strengthened by admitting back a conquered people as our equals, and its baleful influences cannot be estimated!

The solemn pledge of freedom offered to the colored citizens by Congress and by the proclamation must be broken, and the country and the government covered with unspeakable infamy. Even foreign nations might then justly consider us guilty of treachery to the cause of humanity and civilization.

Suppose, to-day, the rebellion quelled and the question put, Will you now give to your enemy the power of making your laws?

Eastern Virginia, Florida, and Louisiana are now knocking at the door of Congress for admission into the Union. Men come to Washington, chosen by a handful of associates; elevated, by revolution, to unaccustomed dignity; representing themselves as Union men, and earnest to have "State rights" bestowed on their constituents.

If their constituents are clothed with the power to constitute a State, into whose hands will that power fall?

Beware of committing yourselves to the fatal doctrine of recognising the existence, in the Union, of States which have been declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion. For, by this new device of the enemy—this new version of the poisonous "State rights" doctrine—the secessionists will be able to get back by fraud what they failed to get by fighting. Do not permit them, without proper safeguards, to resume in your counsels in the Senate and in the House the power which their treason has stripped from them.

Do not allow old States, with their Constitutions still unaltered, to resume State powers.

Be true to the Union men of the South, not to the designing politicians of the Border States. The rebellious States contain ten times as many traitors as loyal men. The traitors will have a vast majority of the votes. Clothed with State rights under our Constitution, they will crush out every Union man by the irresistible power of their legislation. If you would be true to the Union men of the South, you must not bind them hand and foot, and deliver them over to their bitterest enemies.

Beware of entangling yourselves with the technical doctrine of Forfeitures of State Rights; as such doctrines admit, by necessary implication, the operation of a code of laws and of corresponding civil rights, the existence of which you deny.

The solution of all our difficulty rests in the enforcement against our public enemy, of our belligerent rights of civil war.

When the insurrection commenced by illegal acts of secession and by certain exhibitions of force against the government, in distant parts of the country, it was supposed that the insurgents might be quelled and peace restored without requiring a large military force, and without involving those who did not actively participate in overt acts of treason.

Hence the government, relying upon the patriotism of the people, and confident in its strength, exhibited a generous forbearance toward the insurrection.

When, at last, 75,000 of the militia were called out, the President still relied upon the Union sentiment of the South, still announced the intention not to interfere with loyal men; but, on the contrary, to regard their rights as still under the protection of the Constitution. The action of Congress was in accordance with this policy. The war waged by this government was then a personal war, a war against rebels; a war prosecuted in the hope and belief that the body of the people were still friendly to the Union, who, temporarily overborne, would soon right themselves by the aid of the army. Hence Congress declared and the President proclaimed that it was not their object to injure loyal men; to interfere with their rights or their domestic institutions.

This position of the government toward the rebellious States was just, forbearing and magnanimous, while the citizens thereof were generally loyal. But the revolution swept onward. The entire circle of the Southern States abandoned the Union, and carried with them all the border States which they could influence or control.

Having set up a new government for themselves; having declared war against us; having sought foreign alliances; having passed acts of non-intercourse; having seized public property and made attempts to invade States which refused to serve their cause; having raised and maintained large armies and an incipient navy; assuming, in all respects to act as an independent, hostile nation at war with the United States—claiming belligerent rights as an independent people alone could claim them, and offering to enter into treaties of alliance with foreign countries and of treaties of peace with ours—under these circumstances they were no longer merely insurgents and rebels, but became a belligerent public enemy. The war was no longer against "certain persons" in the rebellious States. It became a territorial war—that is to say, a war by all persons situated in the belligerent territory against the United States.

If we were in a war with England every Englishman would become a public enemy irrespective of his personal feelings toward America. However friendly he might be toward America, his ships on the sea would be liable to capture; himself would be liable to be killed in battle, or his property situated in this country would be subject to confiscation.

By a similar rule of the law of nations, whenever two nations are at war, every subject of one belligerent nation is a public enemy of the other.

An individual may be a personal friend and at the same time a public enemy to the United States. The law of war defines international relations.

When the civil war in America became a territorial war, every citizen residing in the belligerent districts became a public enemy, irrespective of his private sentiments, whether loyal or disloyal, friendly or hostile, Unionist or Secessionist, guilty or innocent.

As public enemies the belligerents have claimed to be exchanged as prisoners of war, instead of admitting our right to hang them as murderers and pirates. As public enemies they claim the right to make war upon us, in plain violation of many of the obligations they would have admitted if they acknowledged the obligations or claimed the protection of our Constitution.

If they had claimed any State rights under our Constitution, they would not have violated every one of the provisions thereof, limiting the powers of States. Asserting no such rights, they claim immunity from all obligations as States, or as a people—to this government or to the United States.

Two questions must be considered.

1st. When did the rebellion become a territorial, civil war?

2d. What are the rights of the enemy under the laws of war?

The first question has been settled by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the Hiawatha, decided on the 9th of March, 1863. In that case, which should be read and studied by every citizen of the Union, the members of the Court differed in opinion as to the time when the war became territorial. The majority decided that when the fact of general hostilities existed, the war was territorial, and the Supreme Court was bound to take judicial cognizance thereof. The minority argued that, as Congress alone had power to declare war, so Congress alone has power to recognize the existence of war; and they contended that it was not until the Act of Congress of July 13, 1861, commonly called the Non-Intercourse Act, that a state of civil, territorial war was legitimately recognized. All the Judges agree in the position "that since July 13, 1861, there has existed between the United States and the Confederate States a civil, territorial war."

"That since that time the United States have full, belligerent rights against all persons residing in the districts declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion."

That the laws of war, "whether that war be civil or *inter gentes*, converts every citizen of the hostile state into a public enemy, and treats him accordingly, whatever may have been his previous conduct."

That all the rights derived from the laws of war, may now, since 1861, be lawfully and constitutionally exercised against all the citizens of the districts in rebellion.

Such being the law of the land, as declared by the Supreme Court, in order to ascertain what are the legal or constitutional rights of public enemies, we have only to refer to the settled principles of the belligerent law of nations or the laws of war.

Some of the laws of war are stated in the dissenting opinion, in the case above mentioned.

A state of foreign war instantly annuls the most solemn treaties between nations. It terminates all obligations in the nature of compacts or contracts, at the option of the party obligated thereby. It destroys all claims of one belligerent upon the other, except those which may be sanctioned by a treaty of peace. A civil, territorial war has the same effect, excepting only that the sovereign may treat the rebels as subjects as well as belligerents.

Hence civil war, in which the belligerents have become territorial enemies, instantly annuls all rights or claims of public enemies against the United States, under the Constitution or laws, whether that Constitution be called a compact, a treaty, or a covenant, and whether the parties to it were States, in their sovereign capacity, or the people of the United States as individuals.

Any other result would be as incomprehensible as it would be mischievous. A public enemy cannot, lawfully, claim the right of entering Congress, and voting down the measures taken to subdue him!

Why not? Because he is a public enemy; because, by becoming a public enemy, he has annulled and lost his rights in the government, and can never regain them, excepting by our consent.

If the inhabitants of a large part of the Union have, by becoming public enemies, surrendered and annulled their former rights, the question arises can they recover them. Such rights cannot be regained by reason of their having ceased to fight. The character of a public enemy having once been stamped upon them by the laws of war, remains fixed until it shall have been, by our consent, removed.

To stop fighting does not make them cease to be public enemies, because they may have laid down their arms for want of powder, not for want of will. Peace does not restore the noble dead who have fallen a sacrifice to treason. Nor does it revive the rights once extinguished by civil, terrible war. The *land of the Union* belongs to the people of the United States, subject to the rights of individual ownership. Each person inhabiting those sections of the country declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion, has the right to what belongs to a public enemy, and no more. He can have no right to take any part in our government. That right does not belong to an enemy of the country, while he is waging war or after he has been subdued. A public enemy has a right to participate in or to assume the government of the United States only when he has conquered the United States. We find in this well-settled doctrine of belligerent law the solution of all questions in relation to State rights. After the inhabitants of a district have become public enemies they have no rights, either State or personal, against the United States. They are belligerents only, and have left to them only belligerent rights.

Suppose that all the inhabitants living in South Carolina should be swept off, so that solitude should reign throughout its borders unbroken by any living thing, would the State rights of South Carolina still exist as attached to the land itself?

Can there be a sovereignty without a people, or a State without inhabitants? State rights, so far as they concern the Union, are the rights of persons, as members of a State, in relation to the General government; and when the person has become a public enemy, then he loses all rights except the rights of war. And when *all* the inhabitants have (by engaging in civil, territorial war) become public enemies, it is the same, in legal effect, as though the inhabitants had been annihilated. So far as this government is concerned, civil war obliterates all lines of States or countries, the only lines recognized by war are the lines which separate us from a public enemy.

I do not place reliance upon the common law doctrine of forfeitures of franchises as applicable to this revolution, for forfeiture can be founded only upon the admission of the validity of the act in which forfeiture is founded.

Nor does the belligerent law of civil, territorial war, whereby a public enemy loses his rights as a citizen, admit the right of secession. It is not any vote or law of secession that makes an individual a public enemy. A person may commit heinous offences against municipal law, and commit acts of hostility against the government, without being a public enemy. To be a personal enemy is not to be a public enemy to the country, in the eye of belligerent or international law. Whoso engages in an insurrection is a personal enemy, but it is not until that insurrection has swelled into territorial war, that he becomes a public enemy.

It must also be remembered that the right of secession is not conceded by enforcement of belligerent law, since, in civil war a nation has the right to treat its citizens either as subjects or as belligerents, or as both. Hence, while belligerent law destroys all claims of subjects engaged in civil war, as against the parent government, it does not release the subject from his duties to that government. By war the subject loses his rights, but does not escape his obligations.

The inhabitants of the conquered districts will thus lose their right to govern us, but will not escape their obligations to obey us. Whatever rights are left to them, beside the rights of war, will be such as we choose to allow them. It is for us to dictate to them, not for them to dictate to us what privileges they shall enjoy.

Among the war measures sanctioned by the President, to which he has, more than once, pledged his sacred honor, and which Congress has enforced by solemn laws, is the liberation of slaves. The government has invited them to share the dangers, the honor and the advantages of sustaining the Union, and has pledged itself to the world for their freedom.

Whatever disasters may befall our arms, whatever humiliation may be in store for us, it is earnestly hoped that we may be saved the unfathomable infamy of breaking the nation's faith with Europe, and with colored citizens and slaves in the Union.

Now, if the rebellious States shall attempt to return to the Union with Constitutions guaranteeing the perpetuity of slavery—if the laws of those States shall be again revived and put in force against free blacks and slaves, we shall at once have reinstated in the Union, in all its force and wickedness, that very curse which has brought on the war and all its terrible train of sufferings. The war is fought by slaveholders for the perpetuity of slavery. Shall we hand over to them, at the end of the war, just what they have been fighting for? Shall all our blood and treasure be spilled uselessly upon the ground? Shall the country not protect itself against the evil which has caused all our woes? Will you breathe new life into the strangled serpent, when, without your aid, he will perish?

If you concede State rights to your enemies, what security can you have that traitors will not pass State laws which will render the position of the blacks intolerable; *or, reduce them all to slavery?*

Would it be honorable on the part of the United States to free these men and then hand them over to the tender mercy of slave laws?

Will it be possible that State slave laws should exist and be enforced by slave States, without overriding the rights guaranteed by the United States law to men, irrespective of color, in the slave States?

Will you run the risk of these angry collisions of State and National laws while you have the remedies and antidote in your own hands?

One of two things should be done in order to keep faith with the country and save us from obvious peril.

Allow the inhabitants of conquered territory to form themselves into States, only by adopting constitutions such as will forever remove all cause of collision with the United States, by excluding slavery therefrom, or continue military government over the conquered district until there shall appear therein a sufficient number of loyal inhabitants to form a republican government, which, by guaranteeing freedom to all, shall be in accordance with the true spirit of the Constitution of the United States. These safeguards of freedom are requisite to render permanent the domestic tranquillity of the country; which the Constitution, itself, was formed to secure, and which it is the legitimate object of this war to maintain.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WHITING.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

[At Binghampton, recently, a beautiful silk flag, the work of loyal ladies in that place, was presented to Mr. Montgomery, formerly editor of the Vicksburg *Whig*, in admiration of the spirit manifested by Mrs. Montgomery in refusing to allow a Secesh flag to be placed upon her house in Vicksburg, for which she and her family suffered banishment from friends and home. Mr. Montgomery accepted the flag in a feeling and appropriate speech, from a synopsis of which we copy as follows:]

MR. MONTGOMERY gave a history of his troubles in the South, and the injuries inflicted upon himself and family, because they remained true to the government of the United States. He had been arrested, tried and sentenced to be executed, for no crime but loyalty to the government that had always protected him. He was thrown into a loathsome prison to await the day of execution. An opportunity presenting itself, he succeeded in escaping to our fleet on the river, but was returned to the rebels by a young upstart in the Union service. He was again thrown into prison, but, through the kindness of the keeper, he was permitted to escape. Taking his wife and two little children, he left the city in the night, with barely sufficient clothing to cover them, and but little money; travelling on foot, hungry and weary, the feet of his little ones bleeding at every pore, he at last reached the Union lines, and fell among friends. He could never forget the hospitality and benevolence of the people of the North, he could not conceive how they had ever received the reputation of being inhospitable. He hoped when the war was over the South would be peopled with Northern citizens, and extend over the country the refinement, Christianity, industry and enterprise which the glorious North has always known. The poor whites of the South would become elevated if slavery was abolished—that institution had always been a curse to the South, and retarded her progress; she was three hundred years behind the age, but with the benefit of Northern enterprise and experience, the resources of the South would be developed, and the country become what the Almighty intended it should be.

Three years ago, the speaker said, he was a strong Conservative—believed in slavery, and was an ardent supporter of the institution, and probably never would have changed if slavery had behaved herself. When that institution attempted to destroy the Government, he was led to open his eyes, and now, he was proud to say, he is a radical Abolitionist. There can be no peace in this country while slavery exists—the country must destroy slavery or slavery will destroy the government. All thinking men had become, or would become Abolitionists, and in order to obtain a permanent peace the cause was to be removed.

Mr. Montgomery was extremely bitter toward Copperheads. They would not, he said, be tolerated in Vicksburg—there they would be compelled to take their position, either for or against the government. He urged that the North accept no peace except on the basis of the abolition of slavery—the carrying out of the President's proclamation. When Mississippi went to war with the government, she forfeited all her rights, and if she was defeated she could not expect to receive all the rights she formerly enjoyed. Treason must be punished, and the institution which caused the rebellion must be crushed out of existence, or we could have no peace that God would justify.

The speaker in conclusion said he was on his way to Vicksburg, where he intended to start an out-and-out Abolition paper. He could now return to his home with a feeling of security, knowing he would be protected by his country.

THE FUTURE OF LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, July 31, 1863.

THE most important matter here is the future of Louisiana, and how she shall be redeemed from the blighting and devastating influence of slavery. How we shall secure for her a Free Soil Constitution. How we shall kill off slavery in the two Congressional districts excepted in the President's proclamation. The slaveholding interest in this State is only scotched, not killed. I understand the committee that have been hanging round Washington, pretending to represent the planters of forty parishes, say they are willing to spend a million of dollars to preserve slavery in this State. How these men can represent forty parishes, when there are not half of that number held by National forces to-day, unless they pretend to represent rebels with arms in their hands, is more than is understood here.

What is needed in this State is that a number of men of the East and North should do for Louisiana what they did for Kansas; let them put their hands in their pockets and contribute liberally out of their abundant means. The Union men here have mostly been very severe sufferers by this war; they have been made poor and are kept poor by it. Unlike the people of the North and the East, they have no thriving trade or manufactures by which they can flourish and grow rich under the war regime. They are daily becoming poorer and poorer. It is important that the Free State party here should have a representative in Washington, whose business it should be to watch closely the movements of the pro-slavery men; to scrutinize all appointments made by the government, and take care that the slavery party do not get any more of their friends in office here; to use his best influence to have none but Free State men put in office in the State. Further, the Free State party here are sadly in want of an organ—a daily newspaper, to be managed and conducted by men who are pledged, and whose interest it is, to make Louisiana a Free State—a newspaper whose editors shall be intimately acquainted with the history of the State and the antecedents of all the public men, and who will not be afraid to speak out and tell the people who and what the men that aspire to office are—a newspaper that will undertake to show the people who have no interest in slavery, but who are not yet prepared for the Free State movement, that the total and final destruction of slavery is the only hope of the white man in this State.

But the accomplishment of all this needs money—more money than the people here, with no trade and no work, can spare for the purpose. Therefore let our friends North, who have the means, look to this. I am happy to learn that one gentleman in the North, whose name I have mislaid, has forwarded, unsolicited, to our Convention Committee, $100, as a beginning of the good work.

The Convention Committee, of which T. J. Durant is President and James Graham Secretary, have now a suite of rooms, which are open day and night, where all who feel an interest in their efforts can meet and counsel together.

What the platform of the Union men who meet in the Lyceum Hall, is, will be seen from the following resolutions.

UNION ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

At a meeting of the Union Association of New-Orleans, held at the Lyceum Hall, July 25, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions, offered by Mr. James E. Tewell, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Unionists of New Orleans have heard with surprise and indignation of the attempt on the part of certain gentlemen, claiming to represent the planting interest of Louisiana, to induce the Federal authorities so to act as to fetter once more the freemen of this State, by putting in force a Constitution, the principles of which are utterly at variance with the sentiments of a large majority of the loyal people, and repugnant to the spirit of the age; and

Whereas, We have read with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction the noble utterances of our beloved Chief Magistrate in reply to and in rebuke of the self-constituted slavery-preserving delegation, and in approval of the efforts of the truly loyal in securing a Constitution based upon the principle of "Freedom to all," therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Union Association of New Orleans deprecate all efforts having for their end the organization of a State government under the Constitution in force prior to the outbreak of the present rebellion; and

Resolved, further, That they will oppose by all legitimate means every measure having for its object the recognition of slavery in any Constitution that may hereafter be formed.

On motion of Mr. Enos W. Smith, it was

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in the N. O. *Era*, and that a copy of the same be signed by the officers of the Association, and transmitted to his excellency, President Lincoln.

M. SCHUPERT, President, pro. tem.

JAMES E. TEWELL, Assistant Secretary.

The mover of these resolutions (Mr. J. E. Tewell) is a Southron, a native of Washington City. He is made of the right stuff. I remember, August, 1861, when, after being in prison some time, he was driven from this city, compelled to leave everything behind him by the Confederate authorities, for "Disloyalty" and his general anti-slavery sentiments, and obliged to go North, where he remained till last September. His expatriation has not made him in love with the teachings of Jeff. Davis & Co. He reveres the old flag the more that he has suffered for it.

UMBRA.

AN ELEVATED VIEW.

THE colored laborers on Fort No. 1 of the fortifications about Baltimore, wishing to crown the labor of their hands with the flag of their country, purchased one to be presented for that purpose. The presentation was made July 20th. The flag was accepted by Col. Donn Piatt, Chief of Gen. Schenck's Staff, in a speech of such rare excellence that we give prominence to his elevated views. In accepting the present, Col. Piatt spoke as follows:

"In the name of the Eighth Army Corps of the Middle Department I accept this beautiful flag, purchased with the hard earnings of the workmen, to adorn the fort their hard labor erected.

"In recognizing the fact, I feel deeply that this is no ordinary presentation. Given and accepted as the banner is, I see an epoch in the history of our flag. Heretofore it has been the emblem of our power. Hereafter it will be that and the emblem of humanity as well. In the past it has carried in its folds only a portion of our Declaration of Independence, now it emblazons to the world every sacred word of that immortal instrument.

"These are the closing scenes of our revolution. What our fathers began we hasten to complete. Our first act achieved our independence as a nation. This, the last act, proclaims the independence of the man.

"This plan, running through a complicated chain of grave events, is evident to the thoughtful mind. It is the design of the Almighty. We have been tried, chastened, humbled, and let me hope, with this evidence before me, not found wanting.

"Who could believe that the Divine hand that held through long centuries this vast continent an unbroken solitude, that on it at last the oppressed of all nations should find a refuge and a home; who guided the frail bark of Columbus to its destination; sustained the pilgrims, and almost wrought miracles for our revolutionary forefathers; who, I ask, could believe that this interposition was made in behalf of a people to be known only as cunning workers in wood and iron, whose flag should represent only a vast accumulation of worldly wealth—a wealth built upon human misery—to accomplish which we had gravely announced through our highest tribunals to the world that we had four million of subjects lying outside the sympathies of our people who had no rights a government was bound to respect? The man who could believe that is an infidel of the meaner sort, whose poor brain is in keeping with his barren heart.

"It was not so designed. The Almighty has written upon all his works that a lie cannot live, and truth alone is immortal. This plague spot had to be extirpated, or our people die with it. Through the long years of this apparently peaceful prosperity, the South was rapidly relapsing into savage barbarism, while at the North manhood was silently being sucked from our hearts.

"We had extended our dominion from sea to sea; we had changed the song of the wild bird to the busy hum of human life; we had built great cities, peopled vast solitudes, and spread the canvas of our commerce over every sea; and all this while we were sinking our spiritual nature and driving the heroic from our soil.

"The war was a necessity. We had attempted to live down the edicts of the Almighty, and the hand of death was on us. Thomas Jefferson had written that all men were born equal, and in the prophetic agony of his great soul he foretold ruin to his people for the attempt to deny what God had decreed. Better this fearful war, better these dark fields of carnage, better the ruined homestead and the wide spread desolation, than a life of dishonor, where decay comes in advance of death, and we move and crawl in sickening rottenness.

"Save that we may go through the fiery ordeal and come out purified, let us take no credit to ourselves. The course of human events written of by Jefferson moves on beyond our control. We cannot change, and, above all, we cannot stop their march, or take in our own hands our destiny. I read of a German who, being shown the Rhine near its source, put his huge feet across the rivulet, and as he dammed the stream, remarked to his companions, 'won't they wonder down there when it ceases to run.' So, now, other simple minded men are putting their feet in this stream of events, and are expecting that the great river below will cease to run.

"This flag presentation, the first in the history of the war, happens fortunately in Baltimore. On this spot it has a strange significance. Here was composed the great National hymn to our banner, that must go ringing down the aisles of time, so long as its stars and stripes are beautiful to our eyes and its blood-stained folds dear to our memories. Here, in Baltimore, the flag has associations dearer, purer and sweeter than elsewhere. Here, we have brave hearts and stout arms to defend it, and here, above all places, then, is the spot to fling it out brighter and dearer for the truths it again promulgates."

A noble speech. We can add nothing to, and we have no desire to take anything from such lofty views clothed in such elegant diction.

THE EMANCIPATION QUESTION IN TENNESSEE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NASHVILLE, August, 1863.

BENEATH the surges of war that sweep to and fro over the fertile fields of ill-fated Tennessee, under the noise of battles and the confusion of raids and fierce border struggles, another movement is going on, silent but powerful, which shall produce more effects on the future than all the noisy changes of the day. It is a movement of ideas; a change of conviction among the upper classes on no less a subject than that of *slavery* and all the relations connected therewith. It is a revolution which is not born alone of the present war. For years back, the great tide-wave of the age—the growing conviction of the civilized world on the subject of human rights—has set back its little eddies even into the slaveholding communities of Tennessee. Numbers of men, owning slaves to a greater or less extent, have had their thoughts seriously called to the question of the morality and the desirableness of the institution. The question of emancipation has been deeply and candidly pondered. I have reason to know this from sources that cannot be doubted. In every slave State I am convinced there are numbers of men possessing slaves who are always more or less doubtful of the system, but who are restrained from any direct action on it, either from want of the moral courage necessary for such a deviation from the ordinary modes of thought of their community, or because they see no practical method of bettering the present condition of their dependents, and so they find it easiest to let things go on as they are. A convulsion like this war breaks these men from their moorings, and they are very willing to act, as they have long half desired to act.

Besides, the civil war has revealed even to slaveholders the essential barbarity of slaveholding; for how else can they account for the horrible outrages, the cruelties and ferocious treatment practiced by Southern men on those who were once their neighbors and friends? A true loyalist must see, moreover, that it is slavery, and slavery alone, which is aiming this death-blow at the government of his fathers; and he sees (perhaps even more clearly than we at the North, because he is nearer the evil) that the only hope of permanent peace and union lies in the destruction of slavery. However all this be, it is certain that the leaders and principal men of the Emancipation and Union party of Tennessee are now and have been slaveholders. I could give you the names of twenty-five or thirty at once, whose families are respected and known all over the State, who possess from ten to one hundred slaves, and who heartily support this movement.

One has already offered his slaves wages, and is beginning the great change himself. These gentlemen are devoted Unionists of course, but they are also ardent Tennesseeans, and they believe that the remarkable resources of this rich State will be so developed under free labor, that the loss from Emancipation will often be more than repaid from the increased value of lands, and that at least their children will reap the benefit of Emancipation in a new condition of prosperity, and a peace which no revolutions will shake. They argue that the beautiful vine lands on their hills will draw in the German emigrants; that the Western and Eastern farmers will be tempted to their fertile valleys, where all productions of the temperate zone flourish bountifully, and that the capital of the seaboard will seek out their wonderful water-power, and the veins of exquisite marble in their mountains. In this great moral movement of Tennessee, it should be remembered that thus far the freest portion of the population, the brave yeomanry of East Tennessee, have no share. When at length they are delivered, and unite with the Unionists and Emancipationists from the central Counties, we can judge of what the result will be. So strong is this revolution that the Union Club in Nashville, numbering some seven hundred members, contains in its Constitution an article—which I believe no Northern Union League has ventured

among even the Unionists on this question. Many, I suspect, are held out especially to appease the popular prejudice—the asserters of them having no faith in them themselves. People still talk of "colonization"—an absurdity which ought to have died out long ago in any intelligent community—as though Tennessee could ever spare a single laborer, black or white, but would not rather offer millions to attract labor to her. We still hear of "negroes not working," as though men that had labored so hard under force, should not do much more under wages; and as if the whole history of Emancipation in the West Indies (in a climate far more tempting to idleness than ours) did not teach that the productiveness of freed labor was far beyond that of slave. So, too, the old fallacy of "the impossibility of the two races living near each other in freedom," is here and there heard, as though liberty would make the two races any the less necessary to each other than compulsion, and as though each would not perform even better its task—whether of head work or hand work—where the laws of political economy and the principles of humanity alone govern their relations.

When at length the State government of Tennessee is organized—and that cannot be till the State is thoroughly cleared of guerillas—you may be sure that an act of Emancipation will be passed, and this State, so favored by nature, begin a glorious career as a FREE STATE. C. L. B.

THE VALUE OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.

DR. FURNESS'S THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE.

[We have before us, in pamphlet form, the discourse delivered on the day of National Thanksgiving, Aug. 6th, by that faithful and eloquent champion of freedom, Rev. W. H. FURNESS, pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. We make the following extract:]

UNTIL the present trouble came, we had a very imperfect notion of the value of our political system, what a gift of God it is. But events are enlightening us. Notwithstanding the shadow and the shame of a huge oppression long resting over the whole land, we are finding out now as for the first time that it has not been to no moral purpose that for three quarters of a century the growing millions of the North have been associated upon such terms of personal equality before the law, as had never before been realized on this globe. Then it was, when the nation was suddenly assaulted, that it broke upon us like a revelation from heaven that, as we have had no privileged classes among us, as the whole tendency of our Northern social life has been, not only to permit, but to encourage the full unfolding of every individual nature, and consequently as no opportunity has been given for the upspringing of those feelings of mutual alienation, contempt and enmity which unequal laws always sow, it had come to pass naturally and of necessity that the hearts of the people had grown into one. Without our being conscious of it, with all our State lines and State rivalries, we of the North had become one people. Silently, gradually, insensibly, our republican institutions, while in their formal and official action they seemed wholly perverted to the purposes of injustice, had been creating a grand National Unity. So imperceptibly had the creation gone on, that we never became aware of it, until a violent attempt was made to disintegrate the nation. Then it was that one sentiment was found animating the whole people of the North, and they rose to the attitude of defence as one man. Then it was that, when to foreign eyes and even to our own, we had seemed to be crumbling into pieces, a living, mighty nation was discovered. It was like the sudden unveiling to the sun of some majestic statue, which an artist, hidden within an intricate scaffolding, had been for years steadily at work in fashioning.

For this then let us thank God to-day, that he has given us institutions which so fully embody and so faithfully apply the principle of human equality that the hearts of the people have grown together and become one. To this principle, thus brought into practical operation, this Nation owes its existence and its vigor. So constituted is our social condition, that instead of the ill-will and hostility which must always abound where all are not regarded by the law as equal and alike, it is made the nature of our people to respect every man his neighbor's rights. It is as natural here, this mutual respect, as iron and coal are in Pennsylvania, or granite and ice in New England.

I do not mean, however, to say that the people of these free States are without fault in this respect. I do not forget what human nature always has been and is, and how the love of power and a host of selfish passions, are always straining upon the leash, always endangering the good order of society. I do not mean that all social evils have here come to an end. Far from it. But I do say, that, so far as the civil order of things here instituted is concerned the tendency has been and is to create an unprecedented degree of social harmony. There is no occasion given here by our social forms for the growth of those disorganizing passions which unequal social arrangements always favor, and which are forever threatening the internal peace of nations, and creating the argument for strong governments. On the contrary, our American social system, so far as the political forms of a people, which, while they are the people's work, become, in return, the creators of the people, forming the popular character—so far, I repeat, our social constitution operates to generate a controlling sentiment of respect for personal rights, which is the security of the public peace, a sound public conscience in relation to the intercourse of man with man.

And so powerfully has it worked in this way, so strong a sense of justice and personal liberty has been wrought into the very being of our Northern people, and become their second nature, the genius of the place and the people, that, at this hour, when so deadly an assault has been made upon the life of the nation, when so powerful a conspiracy has been formed for its destruction, and by a class of men upon whom the nation has lavished its offices and honors, and whom it has protected in the monstrous right which they claim to make merchandize of humanity, when, too, the people, incapable of believing in the possibility of anything so wicked and so insane as a rebellion against a government unexampled for its freedom, have been taken wholly unawares; at this hour, thus fiercely assaulted, thus taken entirely off their guard, so deeply has the sense of equal rights been planted in the Northern mind by the institutions of Freedom, that, with the odds so fearfully against them at the moment, the people have repelled the assault, have more than kept their foes at bay, and everything indicates their sure and perfect triumph.

Yes, friends, for the hopeful aspect which the cause of the Nation now wears, we are, far above everything else, indebted to that which our republican institutions have made to be the ruling genius of the North—the love of justice and freedom. We have had no great men. But we have a great people, great, not through any superiority of blood, not through the prestige of any previously won martial renown, not through any new and wonderful endowments of intellect, but great, through that sense of equal rights, which the constant influence of our social surroundings has converted into an instinct, a feeling so identified with the very blood and muscle of the people, that, like the folly of the fool, though you should bray them in a mortar, you could not make them let it go.

Such is the blessed, the inestimable product of our republicanism. It has been introduced into the Northern nature unconsciously, like the kingdom of God, "without observation," through no merit, no effort of ours. Our own will has had as little to do with it as with our breathing or the circulation of our blood. It is the pure gift and grace of God, vouchsafed to us through the happy circumstances in the midst of which His bountiful Providence has appointed our lot. And for this great favor, which we had done nothing to deserve, let us offer our fervent thanks to the Great Giver this day. Not to ourselves be the praise, but to the Infinite Power in whose hand the hearts of men are as clay in the hand of the potter.

And thank God, too, that our republican forms have been so potent, and have produced a love of freedom so strong that the nation is standing in triumph a trial so severe as the present. For, I repeat, it is this, the public spirit of the North, that has brought us thus far, and to which our success is due. We have a man standing at the head of the nation, who, for his immoveable singleness of purpose, possesses the public confidence to a degree which has never been exceeded. We have in the National councils and in the field, men, faithful and brave, whose names will be held in undying honor. But, neither in council nor in the field, has there appeared any extraordinary genius to command events and compel success. To the spirit of the people is it owing that the National integrity has been so wonderfully maintained. It is this that, without hesitation or stint, keeps pouring into the hands of the government material resources that seem well nigh inexhaustible. It is this that is presenting to the world so manly an instance of National patience under delays the most wearisome and defeats the most humiliating. It is this which accepts delays and defeats and all manner of errors as a gracious discipline, intended to harden us into perseverance and render us only the more earnest. It is this which has organized the humanity of the North, initiated the women into one vast sisterhood of Mercy, and sent a host of men and women to surround the battle-field with all possible means and appliances to alleviate its sufferings. It is this, which, to so remarkable a degree, has saved the general mind from the vindictiveness which a civil war especially tends to kindle. It is this which is steadily and rapidly gaining one of the grand triumphs of the time: the destruction of the barbarian prejudice of race, and the opening to the men of African descent of a career in which they may not only receive justice, but win gratitude and renown. And, above all, it is this which has prompted thousands and hundreds of thousands to rush to the defence of the country, in no spirit of bitterness, not from any impulse of personal ill-will, but to suffer and die in that sacred behalf. And thousands, with a heroism which has never been surpassed, have made the last most costly sacrifice of patriotism, laying life in its full bloom, with its tenderest ties and most brilliant hopes, upon the altar of their native land. Never was chapel or shrine so hung all round and all over with such precious votive offerings as the temple of our National liberty is now. Dearer than ever should our country be to her children, consecrated as she is by so much noble blood poured out for her sake. Holier than ever should be her cause, and more earnest than ever our purpose to cleanse her royal robes of every stain and spot of the foul poison which has threatened to destroy her.

For long years we have been told that these free institutions of ours were only an experiment, that they were on trial, and that it was very doubtful whether they could stand any test. We did not perceive that every year they lasted they were working without intermission, as busily as God works in the Spring-time, as busily as He works at all times, to mould this people and inspire them with a spirit which should be their strength at such an hour as this. The truth is, the Evil One has been trying all the time to baulk the institutions of freedom. That we saw. That we could not help seeing. For, as the devil works always against the grain of a universe which he did not make, but which the good God made for his own good purposes, he must needs make a great noise and dust. He finds nothing made to his hand. And though he use all his cunning (and therein his genius chiefly lies) to hide his hand, and not let it be known what mischief he is doing, he cannot entirely disguise himself, no, not even though he put on the form of an angel of light and move never so softly. With all his devices, he makes such an uproar that he attracts universal attention. And our attention being thus taken up, we forget that the good God is working far more busily still. He never rests. But as He has created all things for His own good uses and every atom serves His will, He makes no dust, no noise, and so His working escapes our notice, and we do not discern the operation of His hands.

Thus has it come to pass that we have not seen how the social order established in these Northern States has been forming the nature of the people. But now, at this extraordinary period, when the seed so secretly nourished has burst forth into georgeous flower—now what escaped our notice is apparent enough. Now it is plain how our republican institutions have grown into the popular heart. Now they are put to the test, and they have thus far stood it, how triumphantly! I am at a loss to conceive how they could be more severely tried. Have not some hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men, the strength and pride of the land, gone to hazard limb and life in support of the government, and this of their own free will, or in deference to the demands of the public sentiment of the country? And now that the public necessities require a still larger amount of military service, could the people be subjected to a severer test than the draft? Could anything show more satisfactorily what a deep foundation our institutions have in the affections of the people than their acquiescence in this compulsory measure? To my thinking, our government is shown to be of unsurpassed strength. Is there a government now on the face of the earth, or has there ever been one, that can boast so broad a basis in the good-will of its people? Our form of government ought to be the strongest in the world, for it is the people's own choice; and what it ought to be, as is now shown, it is.

I do not overlook the fact that the unanimity of the North is not absolute. It would be a suspicious circumstance if it were. It would look too much like the unanimity of the South, and as if it had been produced by the same means. What Southern unanimity is we all know. It is the result of a reign of force and terror, to which the reign of terror in the old French Revolution is but a passing shadow, and which was established in the South years before the rebellion broke out, dooming men to instant outrage and death, not for any act done or word spoken, but for the opinions it was suspected they must entertain as strangers of Northern birth. Under such a rule the people of the South are of course unanimous. Only heaven-sent saints and apostles could have been otherwise minded. We can lay claim to no such unanimity. We were too long associated with the South in upholding a system of oppression at war with our Northern institutions, too long was the Northern mind drugged with that poison, to escape the blindness, moral and mental, which it causes. And it was no more than was to be expected, that, when the hour of open disruption came, there should be found a portion of our Northern people who had become so perverted by the habit of advocating the cause of our Southern brethren, that they had entirely forgotten their Northern brethren, and had learned to prefer the oppression of the African race to the salvation of their country; a class to whom there is nothing worthy in the land unless it is watered by the tears and blood of slaves, no music in the voice of liberty unless it mingles with the clanking of chains and the groans of the oppressed.

So far from being surprised that there are so many here in the North whose prejudice against a race is stronger than their love of their country, we may well wonder that there are not more, when we recollect how active, for three quarters of a century, the Slave Power was in depraving the moral sense of the nation, in deadening the minds of the people to the supreme worth of equal liberty, in teaching them to account the vital principles of our Bill of Rights as mere "glittering generalities." Why, the institution of human bondage was once so powerful that it had become the fountain of office and honor, and slave-masters were deferred to as scarcely less than a titled nobility. It was prophesied at an early period by one of the Pinckneys, that, if slavery lasted fifty years it would extinguish the love of liberty in the land. It has extinguished it at the South, and to such an extent that people there avow their preference for monarchical institutions. And the wonder is, I say, that it has not unfitted the people of the whole country, North as well as South, for a republican form of government. At one time it really seemed as if the prediction of the Southern statesman had come true, so ready was the nation to concede everything to the Slave Power, so unpopular everywhere to speak a loud word in defence of the first and fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence. Then when the very language of liberty had become harsh to the public ear, then it seemed as if the spirit of liberty was indeed extinct, and that the indignant remonstrances of a few against the extending empire of the Slave Power were but the dying spasms of our national life.

But it was not so, and let us this day thank Heaven from our inmost hearts that it was not so. Instead of being dismayed at such manifestations as we witness of the existence of a class here at the North in sympathy with the Southern idolatry of bondage, rejoice and be thankful rather that the spirit of liberty has proved too strong to be wholly overcome by the Slave Power. Although such powerful influences were so long and so constantly at work, such blandishments and such threats—enough to degrave the very elect—now, thank God, it is made apparent that the popular heart is true to freedom still, and a unity of feeling exists, which, having brought the nation thus far, will, I trust in Heaven, suffice for all the working purposes of this great exigency.

Whatever may appear to the contrary, the main tendency of things is, not to the diminution, but to the increase, of Northern unanimity. The course of events is revealing, more and more plainly, the hatefulness of the Slave Power, showing what barbarism follows in its train. Strange is it, passing strange, after all that has occurred, at this late hour, that there should be any persons among us of ordinary intelligence who do not yet perceive that this bloody struggle, with all the misery it involves, is the direct and inevitable consequence of that monstrous and deeply-seated wrong. But such persons there are, persons whom even the New York riot, with its horrible barbarities, has left unconvinced; persons who could not be persuaded of the truth, though Jackson and Clay and Webster were to rise from the dead to declare it; persons whose views are so completely inverted that they insist that it is not the thieves who disturb the public peace, but the people who first raise the hue and cry against them. Still, although such there are, the main current runs in the right direction, onward. The chains of prejudice and error are loosening and dropping off all around us, and we are constantly meeting with those who rejoice in their newly found deliverance.

Let us be thankful, then, for the spirit which has come to us through our free institutions. It is a thing to be thankful for, for it is no acquisition of ours, but the pure gift of Heaven. Without our will, almost against our will, by the force of our happy and freedom-favoring circumstances, it has been breathed into us until it has become a governing principle of the Northern mind. And, moreover, to the free bent, to the genius for freedom, ingrained, naturalized into the Northern character we owe our safety, thus far to this, the grace of God, and to this unaided and alone.

WESTERN SOLDIERS AGAINST THE COPPERHEADS.—*Memphis, Aug. 9, 1863.*—It would amuse you to watch the Western soldiers that are returning to their regiments. I asked one of them if he would not like to have staid longer, and he answered that he was "horsesick to get back to his regiment." "Yes," said another, who had overheard him, "your best friends are there." "You're right there," he replied; and then followed such a torrent of invective, curses, contempt and bitterest hatred against the Copperheads, as would do credit to an Abolition King Lear. It was refreshing to me to travel from Indianapolis to Memphis, in company with returning soldiers, and not hear a single curse for the Administration, the Secretary of War, the niggers or the Abolitionists. In Washington one can scarcely go into a bar-room, a hotel, or any place where officers congregate, without hearing more or less of this unmanly, ungenerous censoriousness, not to call it cowardly croaking. I believe John A. Logan is the exponent—the representative man—of this army. His creed consists of a single idea—to support the Administration. Nothing more. Give all your energies, time, talents, property and influence to the support of the measures adopted by the government. You cannot change them. There is no time to discuss them. We must fight—not talk. Let the next Presidency take care of itself. It is our business to support and encourage the present Administration. Its members, standing at the head sources of information, must necessarily be better judges what to do than we are. By energetic and implicit obedience we may accomplish much; by lukewarmness, and discussion, and temporizing, nothing. *The rebellion must be crushed*, and there is only one way in which it can be done, while there are forty ways in which it may not be done. These sentiments coming from John A. Logan, a life-long Democrat of the hardest shell, and one who, from the scanty reference he makes to the negro question, would seem, at least, to be unsettled in his mind as to it, are producing marked influence in Southern Illinois, and everywhere they are read.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

"THE SCARRED BACK"—a photograph of a New Orleans slave whose back was whipped into ridges by his overseer—has been republished in England, as an argument against slavery which Englishmen will find hard to answer. A man on the other side of the sea, who upholds the rebellion on this side, may profitably look at this picture, and, remembering Mr. Stephens's declaration that the cornerstone of the Confederacy is laid upon the body of the slave, may ask himself the question, Whether, since England paid £20,000,000 to keep her lowliest children free from such wounds, it is well-graced in Englishmen now to forget the noblest act in their history and to join hands with the lash-users in America for despoiling the image of God in his four million children in bonds?—*Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

BOSTON AND CHARLESTON.

THE heated term seems to have brought about a mutual truce in the field, with the important exception of the fiery trial in preparation for Charleston. The country has waited patiently for the due execution of justice upon that guilty city. Should the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah be her lot, there would not be many to bewail her doom. But such will not be her destiny. The South Carolinians are charged by their own accomplices in the rebellion with not having shown the alacrity in carrying on the war that they did in beginning it. The inhabitants of Charleston brag loudly of their determination to leave nothing but the ruins of their city to be insulted by the foot of the invader. But they will do nothing of the sort. They will make the best terms they can, when it is clear that they cannot escape surrender, and save just as much of their property as they can from destruction. We trust that the National flag will float before long over the Cradle of the Rebellion. It should have done so long since, but its folds would now do more than ten stricken fields of victory to secure us from foreign intervention. The fact of its not having been struck at sooner has been a strong argument in the mouths of our European enemies of our weakness. We hope that it has not been kept open as a trap for blockade-runners, though when we saw that Admiral Dupont had two hundred thousand dollars prize-money to his credit on the books of the Navy Department, which indicates the vast amount to be distributed among the blockading fleet, we could not avoid a suspicion of the kind. Although this sum hints at the great amount of losses the English adventurers have met with, it also proclaims the immense amount of stores which the rebels must have received through these sources. For we have no reason to believe that we have captured any large proportion of the ships engaged in this business. The capture of Charleston eighteen months ago would have done much to cut off the supplies of the rebellion and given more *prestige* to our arms than that of Richmond itself, on which they have been thrown away. And it would have left enough of our navy free to prevent the shameful losses and dishonor worse than they wrought by the Anglo-Rebel pirate ships.* But better late than never.

Though Charleston has not, until now, been the object of direct and determined attack, she has felt her full share of the evils which have followed in the train of the rebellion. Many of her most wealthy inhabitants have been reduced to absolute poverty through our occupation of the Sea Islands, and all property-holders must have had ruinous losses in consequence of the derangement of all the established investments. She has been brought low from her pride of place, and has reaped only poverty and sorrow from what she expected would bring her power and wealth such as she had never possessed. South Carolina and Massachusetts, Charleston and Boston, have often been contrasted or compared as the two communities which incarnated the two opposite ideas of free and slave labor. The results of the two years of this war are instructive lessons as to the vitality of these principles in their operation on the condition of the communities inspired by them. South Carolina has more slaves than white citizens, which gives her every advantage in the trial of the experiment whether of the two systems is the most profitable for public wealth and strength. She has, or had, a soil infinitely remunerative of labor, and which did once pour all but boundless wealth into her lap. Massachusetts, on the contrary, lying farther off from the sun, with a soil which grants no blessings that are not wrestled for manfully, has no fortunate gifts of nature to exempt her from toil, and no unhappy race to be compelled to toil for her. Yet the contrast between the material prosperity of Boston and Massachusetts and her own was one of the keenest stimulants of the sectional hatred which led South Carolina into rebellion. More than five-and-twenty years ago, William C. Preston, one of her Senators and one of the first minds of the Palmetto State, after a visit to Massachusetts, told his fellow-citizens that they were distanced in the race for wealth by a State which had literally nothing to export but "*rocks and ice*"! And he attributed it to the lack of energy which neglected public improvements and especially railways! They have introduced railways, such as they are, since then, but it has not given a railway velocity to population or to wealth. That quarter of a century has increased the population of Massachusetts by near half a million, and her wealth in a yet greater degree, while her Southern rival has scarcely maintained the natural growth of population in agricultural countries, and her property would probably have brought actually less under the hammer, even counting in her laborers as part of it, when the rebellion broke out, than when Mr. Preston made his famous speech.

And as it was in the days of peace, and such prosperity as peace would promote, so it has been since the opening of the war. Massachusetts has sent her full contingent of men to the field, Boston has contributed of her best blood to the cause of the country, she has been ready and willing to vote and pay her full proportion of the public burdens, and to add to them as much more in voluntary contribution, and yet she was never in a state of higher apparent prosperity than now. There never was more building of houses and of ships, never was manufacturing industry and capital more remuneratively employed than now; trade is flourishing, in spite of the piracy which British cupidity stimulates and fosters; poverty was never so small in amount and crime so restricted in quantity. We do not wonder that the Richmond *Enquirer* calls for the destruction of Boston by the new iron-clads England is furnishing the rebels with, as a sacrifice equally profitable and grateful. What we have said of Boston and Massachusetts is equally true of this State and of all the free States. Railways were never more productive, and the impulse which the closing of the Mississippi has given to those artificial channels of communication has gone far towards making its acquisition comparatively insignificant. The only exception that seems likely to occur is in the case of those Western border States which insanely drove away the black labor which pressed forward to fill the vacuum caused by the depletion of the population by the war, and which are now mourning over the grain which is rotting in the field instead of turning into gold in their garners. We have selected Massachusetts because of her lack of the natural advantages of her younger sisters, and because of the comparison of contrast between her and Carolina, who has always been selected as the type of Southern ideas. What is the reason of the difference between these two states of society—one so prosperous and the other depressed to the lowest degree of material humiliation? The last quarter of a century has not passed without teaching the North, if it has not the South, that the difference lies in the difference of the principle which underlies the two systems of labor prevailing in the two regions—the one living, plastic, expansive, the other paralytic, dull-witted and circumscribed.

The blame of the present state of things has been variously attributed, according to the moral proclivities of the speculators, to the spirit represented by Charleston and to that incarnated by Boston. We believe that both may claim nearly an equal share in the glory or the shame of the present time. The war of ideas began in Boston, its complement of outward force was furnished by Charleston. Taking the two cities as exponents of the two warring ideas of Slavery and Freedom, they have fairly encountered face to face in this conflict. The agitation of the moral question of slavery was begun in Boston; it was, first arraigned there as a crime against God and man, admitting of no palliation, and it was called upon to defend itself at the bar of the human race. It was in vain that Legislatures and Congresses interposed in its behalf, and that Churches and ministers testified to its Divine origin and the excellence of its character. It could not defend itself before Israel and the sun, and it was forced to try and conquer a realm in which darkness should be light and evil good. This is the struggle in which we are now engaged. The vast resources which free labor has enabled us to accumulate, and which we are directing to the destruction of slavery, by necessity if not by principle, will hardly permit a doubt to be entertained as to the result in the field. We trust that the instinct of self-preservation, if no higher principle, will save us from permitting diplomatic craft to rob us of the just fruits of our victories, and to surrender what could not be won from us. We shall hope, in due time, to hear that Charleston, the true metropolis of the rebellion, has fallen into our hands, and that the black regiments of Massachusetts are preserving order in her streets. The days of the rebellion will then be numbered. And the conquest of Southern territory by Northern arms will be but the precursor of the conquest of Southern by Northern ideas. Education in the place of ignorance, enterprise replacing slothful pride, free labor driving slavery out of the field, intelligence and capital working together, will make the Southern desert to blossom like the rose, and help to build up a united nation, great, rich, intelligent, free and happy, such as the world has never seen.

* New York: Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau St.—*Ed.*

O'CONNELL ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

THE Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*—a journal which deserves great credit for its efforts to resist the tide of pro-slavery sentiment in the Catholic Church—in its issue of the 5th inst., publishes an address to the Cincinnati Repeal Association, on the subject of American Slavery, from the Repeal Association of Dublin, written by DANIEL O'CONNELL, and adopted at a meeting of the last named Association, held in the Corn Exchange Rooms, Oct. 11th, 1843—almost 20 years ago. *The Telegraph*, in introducing the address to its readers, says: "The document has been concealed for twenty years by a well-known Democrat, to whom we are indebted for it." This is true, doubtless, of the particular *copy* of the address to which *The Telegraph* refers; but it is due to history to say that the address itself was published at length in this journal on the 30th of November, 1843. It also appeared, we have no doubt, in *The Liberator* of about the same date, though we have not a file of that paper at hand to verify our impression. The Abolitionists at that time, we well remember, did all that they could to bring this address to the notice of their Irish fellow-citizens; but of all the Catholic journals in this country, we believe there was not one that published it, while the political papers that were most in favor among the Irish not only refused to print this and other similar documents, but teemed with the grossest abuse, not only of American Abolitionists, but of O Connell himself!

The circumstances which led to the preparation of the address by Mr. O'Connell were these: The people of Ireland were engaged, under Mr. O'Connell's leadership, in a grand effort to sever the political connection between that country and England, and to make Ireland an independent nation; and the Irish population of this country, sympathizing with their friends at home, expressed their sympathy by public meetings, resolutions, addresses, correspondence, and the contribution of funds. Indeed the excitement on this side of the water was scarcely less intense than that in Great Britain. The demagogues who ruled the Democratic party saw in these circumstances an opportunity to strengthen their hold on our Irish voters, and at the same time to indulge their chronic hatred of "anti-slavery England." These demagogues put themselves forward everywhere as the champions of "Repeal," lifting up their voices in denunciation and scorn of England, as the friend of the negro and the oppressor of Ireland. In Ireland the Repealers were all professed Abolitionists, but their political sympathizers in the United States were the special friends and champions of slavery. The Repeal Association of Cincinnati, of which a noted Democratic politician of that day, D. T. Disney, was President, in transmitting a donation to aid the Repeal agitation in Ireland, entered upon "a labored apology for slavery in the negro States." This excited the indignation of O'Connell and his associates, and the result was the preparation and adoption of the address above alluded to.

The Dublin *News-Letter*, in its account of the meeting specially convened at the Corn Exchange Rooms to receive the report of the address, said:

"Mr. O'Connell rose to bring forward one of the subjects for which (according to the advertisement) the meeting was convened. He said that some time back, a remittance was received by the Association from Ohio, enclosing which was a letter that contained a labored apology for slavery in the negro States. When it was read, he (Mr. O'Connell) said he considered the document as an offence against the Association; and, what made it worse, the writers admitted they had no interest, personally, in slavery themselves, it being prohibited in their district. It was disgusting to think that Irishmen, without any motive, could be advocates of slavery, and his strong feelings of horror were considerably heightened by the account Lord Morpeth (the best Englishman that ever visited Ireland) gave of them, when he was obliged to say at an anti-slavery meeting, that the worst enemies of the people of color in America were the Irish (loud cries of "Shame"). It was very affecting to hear such an account from such undoubted authority, and it was therefore necessary for Irishmen to separate Ireland from slavery as wide as the poles (hear). In that opinion he (Mr. O'Connell) prepared the following address, which he trusted would receive the unanimous approbation of the meeting."

The address is marked by the argumentative force and the almost unrivalled eloquence of its author. It stung the pro-slavery demagogues of Cincinnati to the quick, and we do not wonder that they did all in their power to conceal it from their blinded and deluded followers. *The Catholic Telegraph* has acted wisely in printing it, and we hope that thousands of our Irish fellow-citizens, who never saw it before, may be convinced by it of the wickedness of supporting slavery, and led to enrol themselves among the friends of universal and impartial liberty.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

"How did he die?" we asked. His comrades turned away,
With trembling lips that scarce the mournful words could say:
"We cannot tell, we know but that he led us on,
And, mid the smoke and flame, fell on the rampart won."

"How did he die?" His men, with sudden energy,
Answered from low cot beds: "We only seem to see,
In waking and in dreams, his bright form on the wall,
And hear in every wind his well-known rallying call."

"How did he die?" the foe made answer brief: "He died;
We laid him 'neath the earth, his soldiers by his side."
And none can ever know if parting word or prayer
Breathed from his dying lips upon that smoke-filled air.

We know but how he lived—that young and gallant form,
Breasting, with dauntless brow, the battle's fiercest storm,
And shouting to his men the "Onward," which shall be
Henceforth to them the voice of beckoning victory.

Over the conquered heap of citadel and town
His troops shall yet rush on, bearing oppression down,
And when their deeds are praised, point to a low grave then,
Saying, "We end *their* work—our Colonel and his men."

On the fair Saxon brow, upon the sunny hair,
The South sand lieth warm, and those his rest who share
Are fitting body-guard, none nobler could we crave,
To glorify the spot and share the hero's grave.

E. MURRAY.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, in a dispatch dated on onday last, says: "It is a disgraceful fact that alleged fugitive slaves, under the administration of the notorious pro-slavery functionary, Commissioner Cox, are arrested daily, without any process of law, and taken back to Maryland. Last week, Jack Hall was kidnapped by Geo. W. Duvall, taken out of the city, given 100 lashes, and confined in Upper Marlboro jail, Prince George County, Md., where he now remains. The whole proceeding was known to Cox, but no effort was made to stop it." It does seem unaccountable to us that the President can tolerate such villany as this at the Capital.

CHURCHIANITY *versus* CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

BEING a subscriber and an interested reader of the New York *Evening Post*, I noticed with interest an article in a recent number of that paper, entitled the "Decay of the Church of England." The decay of a Church established by law, and supported in magnificence by state funds, is indeed a phenomenon which no other century but this could produce. The facts cited in proof of it are very startling, yet very cheering, to all thoughtful men, who concern themselves for the welfare of the human family; startling, because the long and death-like slumber of generations is disturbed; cheering, because it proves that the English intellect has become weary of the trammels which the Church has imposed on it and is determined to be free.

When Madame Roland, on her way to the guillotine, passed by the statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, Oh Liberty! what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name! In like manner, every reflecting reader of history has apostrophized Religion, saying, Oh Religion, what crimes have been committed in thy name!—crimes against the human conscience, crimes against the human intellect, and crimes against God, who designed both to be free. As Liberty never was the *cause*, but only the innocent *occasion* of bloodshed, so Religion, daughter of Heaven, never imbrued her hands in the blood of human beings, but only has been used as a pretext for this wicked purpose. Religion is one thing. The various sects that profess that religion and call themselves respectively "*the Church*," are another and a very different thing. The term Democracy in the United States covers an idea which is both truthful and glorious. But the party organization which professes Democracy, with Vallandigham and the Woods as illustrators of the creed, is loathsome to all right-hearted men. There is the same marked difference between *Christianity* and *Churchianity*. The former is divine in its origin and its tendency: the latter is of the earth—earthy, sensual, devilish, the prolific parent of unreasonableness and persecution during every age of its existence. More than two hundred years since, Luther discovered in the Bible the great doctrine of the right of private judgment, which should long ago have completely, instead of only partially, emancipated the world. But Protestantism, headed even by Luther, such is the frailty of human nature, by adopting Confessions of Faith embracing hundreds, and even thousands, of points of faith, assent to each and all of which is a *sine qua non* to membership in its sects, reimposed the same burdens on the conscience and intellect which had been charged against the Church of Rome. In the Westminster Confession, which forms the standards of all the various Presbyterian sects in Europe and America, there are upwards of five thousand distinct points of faith. Some of these sects are separated from each other by only two or three points, and the two largest in the United States have identically the same Confession, word for word. Count also the trammels imposed by the Church of England on all who would eat the bread of her priesthood, and see *how iron* they are, and can you wonder that the intellect of the nineteenth century, especially the educated intellect of her Universities, would strive to throw them off?

I therefore rejoice to see, in what others mourn over as the Decay of the Church of England, the signs of mental freedom on the part of those who have hitherto been slaves. Soame Jennyns, in his admirable treatise on the Internal Evidences of Christianity, says, what indeed the New Testament itself abundantly confirms, that originally there was but one test question put to those who had been converted from heathenism or Judaism—"Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" Had this policy been continued by the organization called "the Church," there would have been no sectarianism and no bloody persecution for opinion's sake, which make up so large a part of the history of the world. Soame Jennyns contends, and so do I, that the internal evidence of the truth of Christianity is far stronger than the external. Despite all that Bishop Colenso and the authors of the "Essays and Reviews" have written, there is in the book called the Bible that, which, on a perusal of its pages, appeals to the soul of the reader and meets with a response. He who made the human mind has adapted it to the appreciation of truth, and the heart of every sincere man pants after it as the hart panteth after the water brooks. Suppose we admit what Bishop Colenso alleges, may not the human soul, on the principle of elective affinity, choose the truth, distinguishing, as Paul did in his Epistles, between things spoken by permission and things spoken by commandment? Any organization of human beings, therefore, which arrogates all wisdom to itself and imposes a creed of hundreds of points on the intellect of other human beings, and persecutes and denies fellowship to them because they cannot receive all the dogmas as divine, is a despotism which has no right to exist in the world. Every good man who loves his God supremely and his fellow-beings equally, should rejoice when the Spirit of the Age, which is the Spirit of God, undermines such organizations and brings them to the dust. They are an offence and a stone of stumbling to giants as well as to the weak.

But the object of this letter was to suggest whether "the Church" in the United States is not passing through the same fiery ordeal that now blazes round the Church of England. By the expression "the Church" I do not mean any particular denomination of professing Christians, but the aggregate—the larger organizations which have national limits and fill so large a space in the public eye. Is there not a conviction growing deeper and deeper in the minds of Christians and patriots, that like salt that has lost its savor, "the Church," to use the phraseology employed by Jesus Christ, so far as its anti-septic and prophylactic influence upon society is concerned, is "good for nothing"? Is there not an intense longing in the truly religious hearts of the people for a type of Christianity, which shall not enslave the intellect, but shall concern itself, like the great Founder himself, in doing good? Among thousands of reflecting men who still adhere to "the Church," and are afraid of cutting their connection with it, there is a growing belief that all the blood which has been shed in the present rebellion lies at the door of the Church and cries to Heaven for vengeance. The Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, some years ago, deliberately published to the world the sentiment, that there was no evil existing in society that a united testimony-bearing Church could not put down and extirpate, and that any such evil could bid defiance to all its enemies if the Church took it under her protection. This is unquestionably a Bible truth, for the prophet Jeremiah, in reproving the false teachers of his day who compromised the truth and hid it from the people, says: "But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." And Malachi, after a terrible denunciation of the priesthood for their neglect and refusal to apply the law to existing abuses, says: "Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law."

Have you seen a book lately given to the public, entitled "Political Fallacies which have brought on this Civil War," by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Junkin, a conspicuous Minister of the Old School Presbyterian Church in the United States? This gentleman, although by birth a Western Pennsylvanian, was recently President of Washington College, Virginia, whence he was driven by the rebel students and professors because he would not turn traitor to his country at the breaking out of the rebellion. By the intermarriage of the members of his family with Southern men and slaveholders, and by former elaborate defences of slavery, he was identified with the South, and is well qualified to speak as he does in his book. On the 189th page, speaking of Southern Presbyterians, he says: "For, first, it is notorious that they held the controlling power in their hands. I could name half a dozen of Presbyterian ministers who could have arrested the secession if they had seen fit. Notoriously, the Presbyterian ministers of the South were the leading spirits of the rebellion. It could not have been started without them. That stupendous victory (*alluding satirically to the capture of Fort Sumter*) could never have been achieved but for the encouraging shouts of Rev. James H. Thornwell, D.D., and Rev. Benjamin Palmer, D.D."

Now, what a terrible admission is here! What an acknowledgment of the justice of the charge made against this Church in common with others, that it was the bulwark of American Slavery! Presbyterian ministers, *leaders* in this bloody, diabolical rebellion gotten up in the service of treason! Presbyterian ministers, able to stem the tide of revolt and save the effusion of blood, yet refusing to do so. How can a man escape the logical inference from the facts of Dr. Junkin, that the Presbyterian Church is responsible before God and man for every drop of blood that has been shed in this rebellion! Who does not know that not only this branch of "the Church," but all the rest of the large denominations, taught the doctrine that slavery, which now has its bloody hands at the throat of the government, was a Bible institution, and that slaveholders were good and consistent Christians? And if Jefferson Davis and his coadjutors are endeavoring to build up a patriarchal form of government on slavery as a Divine institution, what are they doing but carrying out the teachings which the whole country has received from the pulpit during the last twenty-five years? This terrible rebellion, so disgraceful to the age, and so perilous to the existence of the nation, is not a miracle of villany produced by the wand of Jeff. Davis and Alexander Stephens. It is as natural a growth as that of a forest tree. With such teachings as "the Church" has given the people, by actual inculcation of heretical doctrine on the subject of human rights, and by criminal silence when the truth should have been spoken, the rebellion was a natural and inevitable event.

What is the inference to be drawn from these truths? Why, that the ecclesiastical organizations which have brought on the present rebellion, like broken banks, should go into a state of dissolution, and make way for a better type of practical Christianity. If they still persist, without the least sign of repentance for past delinquency, in claiming to be the Churches of Jesus Christ, thousands of men, with the Bible in their hands, and nothing between them and their God, will take the private road to Heaven instead of identifying themselves with an organization which in its influence is anti-Christian. For, while in all these organizations there are persons who are good and true, it is in defiance of the tendency of the organization to corrupt and hinder Christian development. CEPHAS.

PARTS OF TWO PRIVATE LETTERS.

FROM two private letters, received within a few days from that devoted friend of the anti-slavery cause, L. MARIA CHILD, we venture to copy two or three passages, which our readers will all be more than glad to see.

MRS. KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

"It is long since I have read anything with so much interest as Mrs. Kemble's

perseveres in the attempt to compel these two young men to fight. We say this, of course, on the assumption that they give good evidence of the genuineness of their scruples. If they are Copperheads, under a Quaker cloak, they are not worthy of sympathy.

LAVINIA, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

The letter addressed by O'Connell to the Cincinnati Reneal Association in 1843, contains the following passage:

"How bitterly have we been afflicted at perceiving by the American newspapers that recently, in the city which you inhabit, an opportunity was given to the Irish to exhibit benevolence and humanity to a colored fellow-creature, and was given in vain. We allude to the case of the girl Lavinia, who was a slave in another State, and brought by her owner into that of Ohio. She by that means became entitled to her freedom, if she had but one friend to assert it for her. She did find friends—may the great God of Heaven bless them! Were they Irish? Alas! alas! Not one. You sneer at the sectaries. Behold how they here conquer you in goodness and charity. The owner's name, it seems, was Scanlan, unhappily a thorough Irish name, and he, it appears, has boasted that he took his revenge by the most fiendish cruelty, not upon Lavinia or her protector, for they were not in his power, but upon her unoffending father, mother, and family."

The circumstances of the case thus briefly alluded to by O'Connell are more particularly stated by a writer in *The Tribune*, as follows:

"Lavinia, the slave girl, was brought to Cincinnati from New Orleans, in 1843, by her owner, D. P. Scanlan, who *was*, as O'Connell infers from his name, an *Irishman*. She was a bright, intelligent mulatto child about ten years old. On the eve of her departure her mother told her *never to come back again!* She told her of the cruelties and outrages to which she had been subjected, and what she also would be obliged to suffer, and that, though she longed to see her again, she would sooner see her dead than have her come back again. With many tears and lamentations they parted, the child to travel toward the North star and *Liberty*, and the poor mother remaining to wear out her weary, hopeless existence, the slave of the "hard man" who gathered gold and houses and lands, where he had strown but blows and hunger and misery. Though but a thoughtless and thus far petted child, her mother's terrible words and warnings were burned into the heart of Lavinia as with a hot iron, and soon after her arrival in Cincinnati she escaped from her master. She was fortunately seen by the kind-hearted Mrs. E. Harwood, and taken into their house and secreted. Handbills were posted around the city offering a large reward for "Lavinia, a pretty, little mulatto girl," and the slave-hounds were soon on her track. Mr. Harwood's house was surrounded by an angry and excited mob, as fierce in their pursuit of the trembling little Lavinia as a pack of hounds after a timid hare.

"In '43, to be an Abolitionist in Cincinnati, was to take one's life in his hand; to be hated and mobbed, and to be regarded by nine-tenths of the community as little less than a madman. But a few noble men dared to say that all men were entitled to liberty and to give a helping hand to many a poor fugitive from oppression, and in many free and happy homes will ever be held in grateful remembrance the names of Gamaliel Bailey, the Rev. Wm. H. Brisbane, Cornelius Burnett, Levi Coffin, Edward Harwood, Thomas Morris, Jon. Blanchard, the Bros. Donaldson, and many others.

"Some of these, and other friends of Mr. Harwood, knowing that he was a peace man, and fearing that the mob might do him violence, hastened to the rescue, and soon his front parlor was turned into a regular arsenal, and abounded in all kinds of deadly weapons and men willing to use them. The cruel but cowardly mob knew this, and though they filled the streets and howled and threatened, they did not dare to lay a hand upon the building.

"Scanlan finally asked for a parley, and was admitted to the house. He said that Lavinia was kept against her will, and demanded to see her. Mr. H. said that he was at liberty to search the house, and if he found her, and she was willing to go with him, she could do so. He said that 'if Lavinia hears my voice she will come to me,' and he went around the house calling 'Lavinia! Lavinia, my child, come to me!' But though she was at one time within a few feet of him, she would not 'come.' Finally, Lavinia was dressed in boy's clothes, and taken out by the back way, and escaped. She was afterwards sent to school to Oberlin, and became a well educated and intelligent woman.

"The mob, disappointed in not obtaining their prey, vented their rage by attacking the house of Cornelius Burnett. After they were dispersed, three barrels of stones were gathered up in the front room of the house, and preserved by his friends with the intention of putting them in a monument to be erected to his memory.

"The following lines were written at the time by one of the actors in the rescue:

"D. P. SCANLAN.

"From the great Southern town there comes hither a man,
With no soul in his body, nor brain in his pan,
Who, disgracing his own native Emerald Isle,
A foe is to freedom, and a slaveholder vile.

On the soil of Ohio he dares hold his slave,
With the grasp of a demon and the heart of a knave,
But true spirits he finds in the great Buckeye State,
Who Liberty value, and who Slavery hate.

They extended the hand of true friendship and love,
In the spirit of him who came down from above,
To the little girl whom he claimed as his slave,
And her rights they defended with hearts strong and brave.

But the loafers and blacklegs who prowl all around,
The honest to plunder, and in baseness abound,
Were not wanting in zeal to obey his behest,
The house of her refuge with a mob to invest.

But vain were their efforts, by their arms or their skill,
The courage of freemen to daunt or to chill;
The base soulless tyrant may return to the South,
With a flea in his ear, though a curse in his mouth."

PERSONAL.

Major-General Fremont and his family are spending the Summer at Nahant.

Rev. W. H. Channing is about to visit Europe, where his family is now sojourning.

William Lloyd Garrison is endeavoring to obtain recreation, recuperation and inspiration from the ocean breeze near Plymouth Rock.

Col. T. W. Higginson left Worcester a week ago, to return to his post as commander of the First S. C. Colored Regiment.

The Congregational Church of Georgetown, Mass., in the exercise of its primary right to accept or reject the advice of an ecclesiastical council, has refused to dismiss its pastor, the Rev. Charles Beecher, who was recently tried and convicted for heresy.

Gerrit Smith delivered a speech on the war at Albany, on the 12th inst. It was in substance, we believe, the same speech that he delivered at Oswego on the 29th of July. We shall publish at least a part of it next week.

Lieut.-Col. Hallowell, of the Massachusetts 54th regiment, has been promoted to the place made vacant by the death of Col. Shaw. He is said to be fast recovering from the wound received in the late attack on Fort Wagner, and he will doubtless be found at the head of his regiment at an early day.

The Boston *Commonwealth* says: "We are glad to learn on good authority that General Gilmore does not share the hateful prejudice against the negroes which some of his officers have manifested, and that it will be no fault of his if his negro soldiers are not amply protected."

We are happy to learn that Rev. Mr. Manning, of the Old South Church in Boston, is recovering from the long and dangerous illness from which he has been suffering. He is a faithful Abolitionist, whose death would be a great calamity. During the past nine months he has been Chaplain of the Forty-third Massachusetts Regiment, and it was while in the service of his country, in that capacity, that he contracted the disease (typhoid fever) which brought him so near the grave.

Gen. Meade is a Philadelphian, says *The North American*. His family resides here. His sons have been drafted here. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his family holds a pew, where it has long been in regular attendance, in St. Mark's Church. Gen. Meade's relations in life, as regards politics, have ever been Whig. His family were all Whigs, and though opposed to the anti-slavery agitation before the war broke out, the General has since become an earnest supporter of the whole war policy of the National Administration, like Burnside, Grant, Rosecrans, and other Conservatives.

It pains us to announce the decease of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq., the nephew of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot and martyr, who made the name illustrious, and the son of Thos. Addis Emmet, who, thirty-two years since, was suddenly stricken down while engaged in his professional labors, and whose monument at St. Paul's Church is daily seen by thousands as they pass through Broadway. Mr. Emmet was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, pursuing the even tenor of his way through life, being careful only to transmit the legacy, priceless above political or social distinction, of a good name to his children. He was for several years before his death a subscriber to this paper.

Secretary Seward, accompanied by Lord Lyons, the British Minister, and Spanish Minister, with five other members of the corps diplomatique, left Washington on Friday evening, 14th inst., for an excursion to the lakes of the North. The party arrived in this city on Saturday morning about 7 o'clock. After breakfasting, etc., at the Astor House, they left by a special train at 10 a.m. for Secretary Seward's residence at Auburn, where they remained over Sunday.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN TENNESSEE.

GALLATIN, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I have been here for over two months, and during that time have learned some of the sad effects of exempting this State from the proclamation of January 1st. Love for human slavery is far more prominent here than love for the Union. The "nigger" in slavery is the idol of this people, while the negro, as a free man, is a human devil. It would astonish you and your freedom-loving readers, could you but be here and see the practical workings of the infernal system. This County (Sumner) is the boast of rebels, as having been the banner rebel County of the State; and my opinion is, that it is but little better yet. Men take an oath and give a bond to support the government—not because they love the Union, but because they hope by such chicanery to have some semblance or show of claim to their negro property, and to secure from the government pay for the necessaries of war taken from them. They, are not loyal from *any* considerations of love for the old flag; but because they are driven to make a show, in order to receive the protection of the military power. I think I *know* these things to be true; and I can assure you, that a rebel raid into this place would meet the cordial approbation and hearty approval of nine-tenths of those who have taken the oath and given bond. They are not to be recognized as loyal men, so long as there is a vestige of hope left that slavery will be permitted to live, anywhere, after the close of this war.

Feeling a desire to do what I can to enlighten the public mind on this subject, I will, if you desire it, write you an occasional article, giving you my experience.

[We shall be very glad to hear from our friend as often as he can find time to set down the results of his observations as a soldier.—*Editor.*]

CARLYLE'S "ILIAD."—The following is the entire contribution of Mr. Carlyle to the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, a critique of which, from the London *Star*, will be found on the fourth page:

ILIA (*Americana*) IN NUCE.

PETER *of the North* (to PAUL *of the South*)—"Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to hell, you ——!"

PAUL—"Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method."

PETER—"No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it*)

May, 1863. T. C.

CONVICTED.—Whitter, the leader of the mob that broke into and fired *The Tribune* office on the night of the 13th of July, has been convicted as a rioter and sentenced to be imprisoned one year and to pay a fine of $250. The punishment was the severest that the law allowed. The proof against him was overwhelming. His counsel, however, has taken out a writ of error, and the case is to be reviewed by the Supreme Court.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 6th of August, of congestion of the brain, at the residence of his father-in-law, Thomas Hambleton, ELIAS B. WEAVER, aged 32 years, Professor of Natural Science in the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa.

Our beloved friend, so early and suddenly removed from our midst, was a native of Lancaster Co., Pa. In early life his thirst for knowledge and unusual progress in study indicated the possession of talents of no ordinary character. In 1855, he became a teacher in the Normal School at Millersville, which position he occupied until the time of his death. During all this time he was a close student, and as a teacher was known to the many hundred pupils who have been under his instruction, as well as to the large circle of friends who witnessed his labors, as faithful and devoted to his trust. His early death has left a blank that will not be filled. After the battle of Gettysburg, he, with others from the vicinity of Lancaster, was early on the field, where (a friend writes) "he labored constantly by day and night to relieve the suffering around him; no one could be more assiduous in the good work, with no thought for himself." The exposure there endured induced the fever that terminated his life. Although quite ill, so great was his desire to relieve the suffering, that he intended starting for York with further supplies on the morning of the 30th July, but the morning found him unable to rise, and that day one week he was numbered with the dead. His large and active brain caused him, even in the delirium of fever, to talk much on scientific subjects; he was conscious of the progress of the disease and aware of the result. He has left a wife and child, aged parents, sisters, and a large circle of relations and friends, deeply to mourn his early death. Those who knew him know how truly good he was. His sympathies were enlisted in every cause that would lead to the advancement of the human race, either in breaking the bonds of the oppressed, or in raising the ignorant, degraded and erring to a higher life. Thus governed in all his actions by what he believed to be right, he led a truly Christian life, and we are consoled with the belief that though he has left his earthly home amid such trials and tribulations in the land, he is in communion with the angels and enjoying the higher life of spirits of the just made perfect.

E. H.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

We have news from off Charleston to 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The grand attack had not been made, but was pretty sure to come off on Monday. The delay was owing partly to the temporary illness of Gen. Gilmore. During the previous four days there was irregular firing on both sides. On the 14th the rebels discovered the sudden advance of our line to within 450 yards of Fort Wagner, and opened a tremendous grape and canister and solid shot cannonade from every gun bearing on our position. The reply was spirited, and for two hours the firing was the heaviest of the war. No great damage was done. By way of trying the powder, Col. Turner on Saturday trained one of the 200-pounder Parrots on Fort Sumter. He fired seven shots—the first three fell short, but of the remaining four two went directly through the gorge wall of the fort, a short distance above the sally port, and two struck the parapet and sent an immense amount of brick and mortar tumbling into the ditch and into the fort. The holes made in the walls were two feet in diameter. The impression prevails that the rebels are evacuating Sumter, and will blow it up as soon as the assault commences. Out of nearly thirty guns on the parapets ten days ago, but six now remain. Most of those in the casements had previously disappeared. The rebels have erected a line of earthworks a mile long on James Island, from Fort Johnson to Secessionville, although they had but few guns mounted as yet. This is supposed to be the destination of the guns taken from Sumter. Reenforcements arrive daily, and a large army is now on the islands. In addition to this the government has received a dispatch from Charleston via Fortress Monroe, to the effect that on Friday and Saturday the bombardment was terrific. The action of the sea was so great on Sunday that gunboats could not operate with the land batteries with any good result.

The latest report of Bragg locates him at Chattanooga, in command of only 25,000 men—he having lost some 10,000 by desertion during and succeeding his recent retreat. Joe Johnston is still reported at Enterprise and Brandon, Miss., also with 25,000 men. One-third of his force is said to have deserted. West Tennessee is now reported clear of guerillas. Our last dispatches from the Southwest state that Gov. Foster, of Alabama, has issued an address to the citizens of that State urging the impressment of slaves into the rebel service.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Inquirer*, of August 14, says that the fate of Gen. Blunt's gallant army at Fort Gibson is decided ere this. Our latest news was up to August 2, and a battle seemed imminent. Since that time, unless delayed by swollen streams, the ammunition train and the Thirteenth Kansas have reached Fort Blunt. If not previously attacked, Gen. Blunt would then become the assailing party. Gen. Schofield has not reinforced our troops. He ordered a retreat, and Gen. Blunt took the responsibility of disobeying it.

A deserter from the rebel army named Marks lately arrived in Washington. He came down the valley by way of Staunton, Harrisburg and Strasburg. He saw but the troops on his way. Imboden was at Strasburg. He had two brigades of cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The fight at Snickersville, was between detached portions of different regiments, Georgians and North Carolinians. They deserted, bringing with them their arms. They attacked Stuart's cavalry at Snicker's Ferry, routed them, and succeeded in getting off to the mountains. The impression in the rebel army and among the citizens of the Shenandoah Valley is that the South must soon succumb and that the war is nearly over. Marks saw about 100 soldiers—Georgians, North Carolinians, Alabamians and Texans—going on their way home, having openly deserted. The Blue Ridge Mountains are alive with stragglers and deserters, who have their arms with them. So numerous are they that in travelling along the mountain side they have actually made paths. The Provost guards stationed along the route are afraid to interfere with them on account of their numbers, save when travelling alone. The conscription is being rigidly enforced. Horses are selling at $2,000. All kinds of merchandise are extravagantly high. There is great suffering among the poorer classes. Mark's left Lee's army between Orange Court-House and the Rapidan. Ewell's corps was at Gordonsville. The rebel loss in the fight at Brandy Station was very severe. They acknowledged a defeat.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A NEW COLORED BRIGADE IN NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, August 9, 1863.

Major B. Rush Plumly, of the Revenue Department, formerly of the staff of Gen. Fremont, has received orders to organize a brigade of colored volunteers for three years' service. He estimates the time required for the fulfillment of this duty at thirty days. Under his management one of the sixty day regiments was recruited in sixty hours. Col. P. F. Mancosos has tendered his services in the organization of the command, and will superintend the enrollment. The commissioned officers of the brigade will be white men; the non-commissioned may be colored. The negroes may be either bond or free. The first regiment will be commanded by a son of Gen. Plumly, now Colonel of the 6th Louisiana, a home-guard regiment. Lieut. Geo. H. Hanks, the able, energetic and efficient Superintendent of Contrabands, will wear the eagles of the second.

A rumor has obtained general circulation that a sweeping conscription of negroes will take place at an early day. The report doubtless arose from the following facts: Complaints have daily been made that in the districts excepted by the President's proclamation there were thousands of contrabands who were becoming demoralized and vagrants. On Wednesday last it was determined to test the truth of the statement, so far as New Orleans was concerned. Accordingly, the police were directed to arrest all colored men found in the street without passes. It is stated that, in their eagerness to dispose of the unfortunates for the war, the police officers not unfrequently entered private dwellings and abducted the occupants. Four hundred men were thus collected in one evening, three fourths of whom were found to be self-supporting. Nearly one hundred voluntarily enrolled themselves, and the remainder were discharged. The necessity of a general impressment of the colored population is not appreciated by the Commanding General. In this brigade, at least, there will be no conscripts.

By personal appeals to the negroes, Gen. Plumly raised five hundred men in four days. He is devoted to the cause, and indefatigable in his labors. He expects that a large proportion of the colored sixty day regiments will volunteer for the war under his leadership—the home-guard brigade having received orders to disband.

FLAG PRESENTATION IN BALTIMORE.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 13.

Thanking you for the publication of my letter of the 6th inst., revealing as it does, many secrets of deep importance to the cause of Emancipation in our State, I now proceed, in accordance with my promise, to give you an account of the 4th Regiment of United States Colored Troops, now being enlisted and prepared for the field by the gallant Col. Birney and his able staff, among whom I note with pleasure Adjutant Marcellus Bailey, a son of the late Dr. Bailey of *The National Era*. Col. Birney is the son of the late James G. Birney, the Abolition candidate for the Presidency, and has been baptized on some eight or ten fields of blood.

On Monday evening last, the 10th inst., a rumor reached my ears that there was to be a presentation of regimental and garrison flags by the colored people of our city to their comrades in arms at Camp Belger, just beyond the northern boundary of the town on the road to Druid Hill Park. The barracks are complete for a whole regiment, and two stories in height, with all the needful appurtenances and out-buildings. The parade-ground in front is on a gentle slope to the westward. Col. Birney's quarters are in the centre. When he took this camp, the question was whether to remove the barracks or to cleanse them. They are now as clean as a new pig, and are washed down once a week. No regular ever presented a cleaner camp and barracks than this colored regiment does, and this, too, by the people despised of copperheads and rebels.

About 6 o'clock, the regiment assembled for dress parade, and went through the manual of arms with a perfection that would have honored a five-year-old regular one. The drum-corps could not be better. For two or three hours before the time for presentation of the flags, the roads and streets leading to Camp Belger were thronged with the colored population of both sexes and all ages, hurrying to the scene, not only on foot, but in every species of vehicles, many of which vied with white men's turnouts in every respect.

At the appointed hour, a committee of colored men came forward with the garrison flag, which was forthwith attached to the mast rope and run up to the truck in the form of a bundle. All at once a cord attached to it was pulled, and the flag slowly rolled out its folds and was caught by the gentle breeze, amid the hurras and shouts of not less than 4,000 black throats. Such intensity of welcome to the dear old bunting I have never before witnessed. It was just such a shout as only the impressible nature of the black man can pour forth when stimulated by the excitement of liberty for his chain-bearing limbs. Silence restored, Mr. Samuel Chase, a large, portly negro, well dressed, slightly bald, and graceful in his gestures, stepped forward and addressed Col. Birney in a speech that would have done credit to any of our Congressional veteran white orators. He has a ringing, far-reaching and musical voice, and he made it tell among the listening multitudes. I will try and get him to give me a copy of it for publication, if he has reduced it to writing, but I rather think he has not, for it had too much the air of a speech improvised as he went on. His historical allusions to the ancient greatness of the black race were exceedingly felicitous. He spoke of the race of Ham, the father of the black man. He ran over the conquests of that race; its subjugations of the river kingdoms of the race of Shem, and its Egyptian kings, whom he proudly styled "Our Pharaohs." He said, truly enough, that the back race had, in the early ages of the world, given civilization to the white races, and pointed to the museums of Europe for evidence of the black man's civilization. "I believe it is conceded," said he, "that the black man has given to the world the greatest Captain who has ever lived, a Captain whose skin was darker and blacker than even mine, which is black enough to make me hated of some white men. That Captain carried fire and sword and conquest into the heart of the Roman white empire, and won for the black race a military name and renown before which grow pale the name and renown of all the white generals who ever lived. A second Hannibal may spring up from American soil, even before the slavery of his race is annihilated in this land. I allude, sir, to the military greatness of my ancestors in no spirit of boasting, but to remind these soldiers of the glorious example that the Carthaginian Hannibal has set them of excellence in arms. But let them remember that while Hannibal fought for conquest and power merely, they are going forth to fight for liberty, the liberty of the four million of blacks in this land of theoretic freedom. Need I tell you, sir, of other illustrious blacks? Who does not know of Jugurtha, the black African king, who defied the power of Roman white arms for so many years, and was only conquered by strategy and cunning devices? Who does not admire the character of that black Christian bishop, the illustrious Cyprian, who walked in the footsteps of his master? Have we not a right to be proud of the black dramatist, Terence, a Roman slave? And I could keep you here all the evening, sir, in bringing up before you the lists of great and illustrious black men, all the way down to Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines, the brutal and talented Christophe—nay, down to our American black heroes, last, though not least, among whom I may enroll the names of Tallman, Small, and the nameless soldiers who fell so bravely and heroically at Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and on the bloody parapets of Fort Wagner!" All through this soul-stirring speech, of which I do not pretend to give more than the spirit of a few passages, the listening crowds gave appreciative shouts of applause. "By the blessing of God, and in his strength alone, do we propose to assert our manhood before a calumniating world of white men, who say we do not belong to the human family—who ignorantly class us among the beasts of the field, and yet whose glory and shame our race has so long been, through its stolen labor. We mean to show, sir, that we are not a whit behind our white fellow-creatures in all that goes to make the civilized and Christian man. Christ suffered and died for us black men too. We once were the oppressors and enslavers of the white man. We have suffered, in our time, for injustice inflicted upon others. Henceforward the black man is to be lifted up to the 'plane of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' without asking the permission of the white man, as Mr. Lincoln once told Mr. Douglass we have an inalienable right to."

At the close of this scene, some 130 odd volunteer recruits came into camp with drum and fife, and were received with tumultuous shoutings. In a little while, the whole regiment and assemblage were gathered round the regimental flag, a beautiful silk one, costing not less than $75, and its presentation was signalized by the capital singing of a choir of some 100 male and female voices. It was thrust out of a window on the second story of the barracks, and beneath its folds the choir poured forth some five or six anthems of praise to God and Christ for his gifts to men. These over, in which were some admirable fugue singing, and some voices that your impressarios would give much to have, the choir gave us the Marseillaise in a style that would have set a French audience beside itself. Then followed the *chef d'œuvre* of the occasion, the John Brown song from some 3,000 black lips! It would have humanized and melted even the New York mob, and arrested them in their nefarious deeds, could they have heard it as it mounted to heaven just as the crimsoned twilight was fading away. W. G. S.

THE NEGROES CLEANING VICKSBURG.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

VICKSBURG, Aug. 7.

There was to have been seen yesterday the last battle, it is to be hoped, whose history is to adorn the annals of this famous city. At an early hour it was evident that there was to be a movement of some kind, from the fact that a large number of ebony-faced soldiers were paraded on Washington street, armed and equipped in a manner that indicated work. As early as 7 o'clock the column was put in motion and marched to the levee. They had no further to go to find the enemy. Skillful dispositions were at once made of the troops by the Captain of Engineers who had them in charge, and the gallant right began the onslaught. Swiftly plied picks and delving shovels soon made palpable inroads upon the enemy, and weeds, broken carts, mounds of earth and filth of all kinds disappeared in the course of a few hours like smoke. Where once the perambulator had to make a careful choice of his way, was now as smooth a walk as the pavements of Broadway, and the numerous beneficiaries of the good work looked on and rejoiced. The victory here was complete.

Not so on the extreme left, however. Here the enemy, in the shape of a grove of overgrown gympson weeds, was found to be entrenched behind a formidable work which had formerly served a purpose for a huge rebel gun, a near neighbor, the famous "Wheatling Deck." A careful reconnoissance was made, and the forces fell to with picks and spades, with the object of demolishing the work. Whirling picks and shovels full of dirt filled the air, and the regular stream of men to and from the river, and the numerous canteens elevated in the face of the sun, from which reeking faces received refreshing draughts of lukewarm river water, told how fiercely the fight was raging.

But here the gallant assaultants were fated to meet with inglorious defeat. Noon came, and night. The exhausted troops were withdrawn, and a large part of the earthworks yet stands as an evidence of the inability of human effort to accomplish everything in a day.

The enlisting of negro troops meets with increasing favor. Yesterday 900 were brought up from Port Hudson, and were at once assigned to different regiments now organizing at this place. They take the military discipline with a good heart, and are apt on drill. Adjutant-General Thomas, it is understood, will arrive in a few days, with a view to the more complete organization of the colored troops. Fifty more regiments, I learn, are to be brought out immediately.

INCIDENT RELATED BY GEN. MITCHEL.

From The Evening Post.

During the last visit the lamented Gen. Mitchel made to this city, we heard him relate an incident of the campaign in southern Tennessee. Every one recollects the wonder and admiration excited by his rapid conquest and firm hold of the long line of the Tennessee river in northern Alabama. He was able to hold this with his small force, the General said, only by means of a most perfect spy-system, which kept him constantly and accurately informed of every movement of the enemy opposite him. His spies were negroes, and they were selected, organized and instructed by an extraordinary man—a slave. Gen. Mitchel described him as a person of great capacity, of the coolest courage, and of the utmost devotion to the Union cause. He travelled on foot from plantation to plantation, within the rebel lines, and on every place selected trusty slaves, whose duty it became to give notice to our forces opposite of every movement of rebel troops near them. He traversed this line of spies constantly, in order to make sure of the vigilance of his agents.

The result was, that not a squadron of horse, not a company of infantry could be moved by the rebels without the immediate knowledge of Gen. Mitchel.

The man's master frequently visited headquarters; he saw there often him whom he called his slave. He threatened him with vengeance, because he knew that in some way he was serviceable to the Union. He demanded his return to slavery, which Gen. Mitchel of course refused. After a while, as is well known, Mitchel was removed, and a commander of a different character put in his place. "Before I had time to get out of the State of Tennessee, that man, so useful to our cause, was returned to his master by my successor, and probably flogged to death," said Gen. Mitchel.

Who can listen unmoved to such a story of wrong and perfidy? Does it not seem as though we invoked the curse of God upon our cause by so atrocious a wickedness.

VALOR OF THE BLACK TROOPS AT HONEY SPRINGS.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Conservative* publishes a private letter from Maj.-Gen. Blunt, the commander of the Union forces in the battle of Honey Springs (Cherokee Nation), in which he bears the following testimony to the valor of his colored soldiers: "One Texas rebel regiment went in with three hundred men, and came out with only sixty. This regiment was opposed to the First colored, and the negroes were too much for them; and let me say here that I never saw such fighting done as was done by the negro regiment at the battle of Honey Springs. They fought like veterans, with a coolness and valor that is unsurpassed. They preserved their line perfect throughout the whole engagement, and, although in the hottest of the fight, they never once faltered. Too much praise cannot be awarded them for their gallantry. The question that negroes will fight is settled; besides, they make better soldiers in every respect than any troops I have ever had under my command."

THE $50,000 MOVEMENT.

From The Boston Commonwealth.

The movement to raise $50,000 in aid of recruiting for colored regiments is meeting with great success. Upwards of $20,000 have already been subscribed here. We give some of the subscriptions.

Amos A. Lawrence, $1,000; J. M. Forbes, 1,000; Geo. L. Stearnes, 1,000; Martin Brimmer, 1,000; Samuel G. Ward, 500; Wm. Endicott, Jr., 500; James L. Little, 500; J. H. Wolcott, 500; E. S. Philbrick, 500; J. Wiley Edmands, 500; Daniel Denny, 500; W. F. Weld, 500; John Bertram, 500; Henry Sayles, 300; Edward Whitney, 300; Thomas Howe, 300; George R. Russell, 300; Alpheus Hardy, 300; Grant, Warren and Company, 300; C. G. Loring, 250; J. W. Brooks, 250; H. L. Pierce, 250; Estes Howe, 150; Samuel Frothingham, 200; J. Sullivan Warren, 100; George W. Bond, 100; Wright and Potter, 100; Philbrick and Parsons, 100; James A. Dupee, 100; Mrs. S. Philbrick, 100; Dr. George Putnam, 100; Charles W. Pierce, 100; John J. May, 100; J. H. Stephenson, 100; Thomas Sherwin, 100.

The committee who have this matter in charge are to memorialize the President on the necessity of allowing colored men to volunteer in Kentucky and the other Border States. Major Stearns publishes a letter, explaining why the fund needs to be raised; we wish he would publish his letter to an eminent Kentuckian on the subject of enlisting colored soldiers in that State. It is said to be very much to the point. Governor Andrew declared at Williamstown the other day, that we must have an army of 250,000 colored soldiers, and Gen. Thomas has gone West again to help raise them.

THE RECAPTURED NEGROES OF LOUISIANA.

The Evening Post publishes the diary of a member of the "Ironsides" regiment (176th New York), describing the scenes which followed the capture of Brashear City, La., by the rebels, after the movement of Gen. Banks upon Port Hudson. The writer, says the *Post*, is a son of a well-known gentleman of New York. Here is an extract from his diary.

"One of the most melancholy features of the recapture I have omitted to notice; the hundreds of poor negroes who, taken with our troops, are doomed to a harsher fate, to a worse captivity than they ever before experienced. Oh! it is bitter to see them look half-reproachfully, half imploringly to us, as they are driven off like sheep to the slaughter, as it to say: 'How could you betray us, promising us liberty and safety, and now abandon us to slavery and misery worse than death?' It maks my blood boil to see (as I saw yesterday) three cowardly ruffians driving before them a poor tottering old woman, and not to be able to strike a blow in her defence; to see my own faithful and intelligent servitor, lame and unfit for work, led off separated from his wife, to hard labor, and to be obliged to disregard his appealing glance for help; to see able-bodied men on horseback driving before them at the point of the bayonet old and young, sick and well, all weary and starving so that they can hardly stand.

"God *must* give us strength and victory to rescue these poor creatures, and I believe yet, in spite of the dark clouds about us, that He *will* do it.

"During the attack, many of the negroes escaped to the swamps, and some of the men probably succeeded in getting through to our lines. Many, however, as I was told by eye-witnesses, were shot down like dogs by the rebel pickets; and others, old women and mothers with babes in their arms, unable longer to stand the pangs of hunger and want of rest, have come in day after day, covered with mud, emaciated and in rags, and surrendered themselves to the Texans. If you had seen these swamps and could picture to yourself the horrors of exposure to the darkness, mire, alligators, snakes, flies and mosquitos, the wandering without food and without hope, you would form some idea of the fear with which these poor creatures regard their former masters, which induces them to dare all dangers rather than be again enslaved."

BOUND TO HAVE A SUBSTITUTE.

While the surgeons at the office of one of the provost marshals, in Philadelphia, was going through the round of examinations, a few days since, a poor crippled colored man who had been drafted came up in turn. He explained to the board the fact of his disability, remarking: "I suppose that you will have to exempt me." The surgeon so decided. The man answered: "Well, cripple or no cripple, if you won't allow me to go, I want to send a substitute, for if you think I am not able I want somebody to fight for me, as I have been drafted," and at the same time produced his substitute for the surgeon to examine, but unfortunately was also unfit for military duty. The colored drafted man then for the first time seemed to be a little down-hearted, and after pausing for a moment, turned towards the door, and as he passed out said, "Well, I'll get another if I can, for I'm bound to send a substitute." And sure enough, in about an hour in he came, bringing with him one who is now at camp, proudly doing his duty, as a soldier.

MURDER BY NEGRO SOLDIERS.

From The Chicago Post.

A gentleman connected with this office, who arrived here from Memphis day before yesterday, gives information of one of the most horrible transactions that it has been our lot to record during this war. The boat landed at a place called Compromise, in Tennessee, near the dividing line between that State and Kentucky, where the particulars of the awful affair were learned from the neighbors. On Tuesday last, the 4th inst., eighteen negro soldiers, fully armed, having come from the camp on Island No. 10, went to the house of Mr. Frank Beckham, on the river, immediately at Compromise Landing, and murdered him, aged 40 years; his old father (Maj. Benj. Beckham, aged 80 years), and four children of Mr. F. Beckham; Laura, aged 14; Kate, aged 10; Caroline 7, and Richard, 2 years. They first caught Mr. F. Beckham and his aged father, tied them, marched them to the edge of the bank of the river, shot and stabbed them, and threw their bodies into the water. They then threw little Dick into the river, tied the two youngest girls together and threw them in, then forced the eldest girl and beat her over the head with their muskets until she sank down. The bodies of old Maj. Beckham and the youngest child have been recovered. Many of the passengers went to the house and saw them. Fortunately two of the family of children were off at school, and the mother and one child, four years old, were at Owensboro, Kentucky. *All the rest were murdered.*

Twelve of the negroes were caught by our cavalry and are now confined at Island No. 10. Six are yet at large. The immediate motive for the deed was thought to be the fact that Mrs. Beckham took up the river with her a negro girl as nurse, whose mother had run off, and was at Island No. 10. The negroes had before endeavored to steal the girl away, but Mr. Beckham drove them off with arms.

CAIRO, Friday, Aug. 7.

It appears from a statement made by the Cairo *News*, of this morning, whose information came from Capt. Phillips of the United States Navy, that the killing of Mr. Beckham and family, near Compromise Landing, should not be wholly placed upon the shoulders of the colored men. The facts seem to be that, while the soldiers also had a hand in the bloody deed, two white men, one named Grayson, were sitting by, and urged on and prompted the negroes to their cowardly acts. Grayson has been captured, with twelve negroes and one white man. Five or six colored men are yet to be taken. It is to be hoped that all may be properly punished.

MAJOR HALSTED.

Major George B. Halsted, for a year or more attached to the staff of General Augur in the army of the Gulf, is about to take command of one of the negro regiments recently raised in Louisiana. Major Halsted is a gentleman of fine capacity, and though entering the service as a Democrat, has for a long time warmly supported the Emancipation policy, and in Louisiana has exerted all his influence for the organization of colored regiments. Major Halsted is a son of the former Chancellor of New Jersey, and originally entered the army as an aid to Gen. Kearny.

DEPARTURE OF THE PHILADELPHIA COLORED REGIMENT FOR CHARLESTON.

The camp was broken at daylight, and at seven o'clock the men took the cars of the North Pennsylvania Railroad. They reached Third and Master streets at eight o'clock, and took up the line of march to Poplar street wharf, where the steam transports Cumbria and Star of the South awaited their arrival. The scene was witnessed by a vast concourse of people, who occupied every available point of view in the vicinity, crowding the docks, lumber piles, and other elevated positions all around the vicinity. A large majority of these were colored people, many of whom, we learned, had come from distant places.

Never was embarkation or departure conducted in more perfect order. There was a dignity in the demeanor of the black men that elicited respect. Before the regiment reached the dock three colored soldiers rode to the quay on the horses of the regimental officers. The animals were hoisted on board by means of tackle. Half an hour afterwards the soldiers came, and the dense crowd parted to let them pass. Never did soldiers look better. Their equipments were in perfect order, every bit of metal about them glistened from industrious friction, and, despite the dust of the march, it was evident that nearly every man had imparted a polish to his coarse brogans that told of pride in his position in the government service—pride in his ten dollars a month, with no bounty, but finding compensation in the uniform and the simple letters U. S. that comprise his costume.

No wonder that with one accord, as the black faces of the sable recruits turned the corner and marched down the pier, a spontaneous burst of cheering rose from the assembled throng. The tramp of the regiment came nearer, and again the cheers ascended. The gang planks were laid in readiness, and the troops moved on board the ship, where, disencumbering themselves of their burdens, they mounted the decks to survey the scene.

Now there was an opportunity to converse with them, and for the benefit of their friends who crowded to the sides of the vessels, white spectators retired. Wives, mothers, sisters and friends were now bidding adieu to the black men. Some were in tears, others in smiles. Push carts and baskets filled with the negro luxury, watermelons and peaches, were rapidly emptied among them. Very happy indeed were the martial darkeys. We saw not a sad face among them. One half of them were taken upon the Cumbria, the other half upon the Star of the South.

As the ships were cast loose and moved down the river, tumultuous cheers were given. First, three for Major Stearns and the officers of the camp, three for the Colonel in command, three for Judge Kelly, three for Philadelphia, and then nine cheers for the Union, and nine horribly emphatic groans for the Copperheads of Philadelphia. When the vessels reached the channel, and as they steamed along the city front, the whole thousand men joined in singing "John Brown's body," with immense effect.

Through the politeness of the officers we were permitted to accompany the troops to the Navy-yard. To our surprise we found prevalent among most of the thoughtful among the number, an impression that certain death awaited them. They expect hot work, and do not shrink from it. They look forward to a place in the front, and are quite intelligent enough to know all about Port Hudson and their countrymen who have already fallen at Charleston Islands. But the grim satisfaction that they are sent to the hot-bed of the rebellion inspires them all. They expected to go to Florida. They prefer

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

OUR GALLANT DEAD.

BY ELLEN T. RUSSELL.

They have made their graves, our gallant slain,
On hill, in dale, on the barren plain;
By the wild lone brook, or the rushing tide,
They lowly rest, our country's pride.

The fiery youth with the darting eye,
Whose beacon star was victory,
The earnest man with his burning zeal
In all that high hearts ought to feel,
Have bowed in fight their brave heads low
Before the fire of the reckless foe.

They have laid them down, their work is done,
But not the fame that their valor won;
For their names will shine on history's page,
With a hallowed glow, to a future age.
They sleep in unknown graves, not found
By any stone or swelling mound,
Where kindred tears cannot be shed,
Our pride of home, our country's dead.

In the dark ditch, or murky stream,
They sadly lie, but sweetly dream,
And their deep sleep cannot be broke
By cannon jar, or battle smoke.

Will those who die on beds of down
Win to themselves as bright a crown?
The laurel wreath on earth is given,
But the diamond crest is found in Heaven.
And he who, on the battle-field,
For human good his life shall yield,
And grant the gift without a plaint,
Is purer far than cloistered saint,
And the glittering star crown on his brow
With millions more shall burn and glow.

What need say more? a nation's praise
Shall laud their deeds in future days,
And though no marble decks their bed,
Glory adorns our gallant dead.

July 27, 1863.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LUCIA.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

I have seen pictures where the entire landscape was thrown into deep and profound shadow, where scarcely a ray of sunlight was suffered to break the monotonous gloom. I fear my story is like these pictures, of one unvarying sombre hue. I have let too little sunlight in. Life seemed sad enough to us, God knows, but still there were moments and even hours when we enjoyed a dreamy contentedness. Is it strange that the memory of those hours is the saddest of all to me? I have the most vivid remembrance of a lovely day in June, when Paul and I took a long walk together. On our way home we sat down under some forest trees to rest. It was such a perfect day of cloudless skies and balmy airs, and a newly created earth, we forgot that sorrow and sin could exist in such a beautiful world. I had never seen Paul so gay; he seemed careless and blithe as a little child. When he wearied of talking the airiest of nonsense, he would break out suddenly into singing snatches of old songs, or he imitated the songs of the forest birds so exactly, one would have thought it was a mocking-bird singing. Again, he would improvise a story, so full of mournful pathos, it would bring the unbidden tears to my eyes; but his stories were always without a sequel—his memory invariably failed him at the most thrilling part. When he saw I was a little vexed at his forgetfulness, he restored my good humor by reciting an old English ballad. Paul had a strong, deep and melodious voice, and he entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the poem that it was like seeing a good play acted to hear him.

All at once, he paused, and, changing the measure, he half sang, half recited the story of a poor slave girl. In a few words he brought vividly before me the life of a slave upon a Southern plantation; the dull, monotonous round of daily toil, the cruel taskmaster, the constant fear of the lash, the life-without-hope feeling, which only a slave can know. Then love came to her heart, and I realized for the first time what a pure and virtuous attachment must be to one to whom all the pleasures and riches of this earth are denied. But over the simple board, spread for the nuptial feast, the pitiless sword still hung, held only by a single thread. Then came the separation; the grief and terrible agony of the young wife in seeing her husband torn from her forever. The refrain that followed seemed nothing more than the inarticulate wailing of a broken heart.

It was not strange that Paul should move me to tears. When I looked up I saw he, too, was weeping. "Where did you learn that, Paul?" I asked, after a brief silence. "It did not rhyme, and yet it seemed in the old ballad measure—I never heard it before." "I used to hear old Zara chanting over something like it in the long Winter evenings, when she thought me fast asleep. Her very tunes, and the burden of her songs often seem ringing in my ears again." "O God!" he exclaimed suddenly, "who could suffer so and live? Do you think I could, Lucia, if you were taken from me thus?" And he drew me nearer to him, and looked at me, as though his whole soul passed into his eyes. "They never will, Paul, they dare not," I cried passionately. But an indefinable dread came over me even while I spoke, and the day seemed fair no more.

The sun was low in the West. It was time for us to return to A——. The rules of the College were strict, and woe betide the unlucky ones who transgressed them. As we entered the village, we met throngs of gay and joyous-hearted students, hastening to their several homes. The plank-walks resounded with their footsteps. In the West the sun had gone down under a cloud, but its rays were thrown upon the topmost branches of the young trees which lined the side-walks, changing their tender green to burnished gold. We passed on, meeting now and then some friend we knew, and reciprocating their smiling greeting. Paul had his face turned towards me, and was talking earnestly of a cherished plan of his, when a stranger passed us. I noticed him more particularly than I should otherwise have done, because he looked at us both so intently, and even while he looked a malignant scowl passed over his countenance. Paul did not see him, but he noticed the change in my face. "What is it?" he asked. "Only some one who looked as though he knew us; I wonder who it could be?" and I shuddered involuntarily.

We parted at the gate of my aunt's yard, and I lingered there awhile and watched Paul pass down the street. He had not gone more than a square, when some one joined him, and they walked on together. There was nothing to excite remark in this; but I could not rid my mind of the idea that it was the stranger whose looks affected me so unpleasantly as we came home. "What if it should be Mr. Verree?" I thought to myself, as I passed slowly up stairs to my room; "Paul said he might come at any time." I sat by the open window, and watched the dark, heavy clouds that were rolling up from the West. The air was sultry and close, and I felt as though an iron hand was laid upon my heart.

My cousin Alice came to call me to evening prayers, but I excused myself on the plea of a bad headache. I sat there for hours watching the storm rising. The wind swept past me like the spirit of unrest. The lightning flashed incessantly, and the thunder crashed, peal upon peal; then the very floodgates of heaven seemed rent in twain, and the rain fell. I loosened my hair, and lay with my head upon the window-sill. The rain beat upon it, and cooled its fever. The vivid lightning played around my face; I felt no fear, I thought only—"O that it would strike me dead ere the evil days come upon me"; and I cried aloud, "Paul! Paul!—where art thou?" I raved wildly; the spirit of the storm seemed calling, ever calling to my disquieted soul. I longed for career. I fretted like a caged animal at the strong bars which held it captive. I yearned to be free, though it were only for an hour. Why had I hoped and dreamed of happy years yet to be mine? What had I to do with love and hope? Did I not know that only a few hundred miles away, women, such as I, were bought and sold like dumb beasts in the market-place? What was I that a kind Providence had saved me from such a doom? And, again, in my agony, I cried, "Paul! Paul!—where art thou?" Was it a lull in the storm, or had my passionate grief exhausted itself? For it seemed as though the the same voice that had sounded through the storm and darkness, centuries ago, bidding the winds and waves "be still!" passed through my troubled soul, and I was no more afraid. A sweet peace stole over me, and weary and benumbed with pain, I slept. I awoke just as day was breaking, with a dull, heavy pain in my head; my neck was quite stiff and cold, and my hair was wet with the rain. I gathered it up wearily, and as I passed my fingers through the heavy curls, I thought of the first time Paul had praised its beauty. I had prized it more since then. "If it were only straight," I thought dreamily; "but this ripple in it, which Paul says reminds him of the old Italian portraits, I wish the rain had washed it out last night. I wonder what Paul's father will think of me? He will scorn this taint in my blood, I know; he will forbid Paul's loving me; but I defy him to do his worst; he cannot take Paul's love from me. I will write to my mother to-day, and tell her all about myself. Paul wished me to, some weeks ago, but I felt a strange reluctance towards doing it; but now, come what may, they shall know the truth."

While I was forming this wise resolution, I heard a timid knock at the door; I gathered up my hair hastily in a careless knot, and half opened it. My cousin Mary stood there, pale and anxious-looking. "Mr. Verree is down stairs," she said, and there was a perceptible tremor in her voice; "he wishes to see you for a few moments." I leaned against the door, and pressed my hand to my heart; a deathly sickness came over me. Mary touched my hand. That gentle touch, and the sight of her pitying face recalled me to myself. She knows nothing, I thought—I am betraying my most cherished secret; and with a strong effort I rallied my failing strength. I excused my sudden faintness on the plea of a sleepless night, and her unexpected summons had startled me; I was afraid she had bad news from home. O most transparent of white lies! was she not a woman, and had she not guessed my secret long ago? But with a woman's tact she seemed to accept all that I said as the simple truth, and offered to assist me in dressing. I was to hasten, she said; Mr. Verree seemed pressed for time.

In a little while I was ready, and went down slowly, feeling like one who goes forward in a dream to meet some inevitable doom. When I entered the parlor, I saw Paul standing by the window; the Venitian shutters were closed, and the shades half drawn, so that I could scarcely distinguish his face in the dusky gloom. He did not advance to meet me, he merely put out his hand listlessly as I drew near. It was icy cold, and his manner towards me seemed colder still; but I saw by his face, so pale and sad, and woe-begone, how much he suffered. He sat down with an air of great weariness, and I moved towards the window to let in more light. But he bade me leave it alone, and said we had enough light. "What is it, Paul—what has happened?" I exclaimed, turning suddenly and facing him; "I cannot bear this suspense; tell me at once, are you going home?" "Sit down first, please." "No; I do not care to sit. I know what you are going to tell me can be said in a few words, and then I will bid you good morning." My voice was studiously formal and cold. He started up suddenly; he straightened his form to its full height, then he looked down upon me, standing half defiantly before him, with a look so full of tender reproach, that my false pride forsook me. "You dare not doubt me," he said, "as my eyes fell beneath his glance, "you know nothing, you have never dreamed of what I have to tell you. Will you listen to me now?" I yielded to his wish, and sat down beside him. He held my hands in both of his, and as though he were going over some difficult task, which he had learned to repeat by rote, he began to speak in a strange, husky voice, so different from his usual clear, bell-like tones, it seemed as though Paul had left me, and a stranger had taken his place.

"After I left you last evening," he began, "my father came upon me very unexpectedly." "Yes, I knew it, I felt it must be so," I cried out impetuously, and struggled to free my hands. "Let me go, Paul, you hurt me." He released them at once. Then he folded his arms calmly, and regarded me with an earnest, pitying gaze, which said more than I understood then. I thought that he looked upon me as a petulant, unreasonable child, and as such he had patience with me. I could no longer restrain myself. "O Paul!" I moaned in my agony, "you do not know how I feel, my head aches to bursting, my brain seems on fire, and your coldness kills me. Lay your hands on my head, or I shall go mad; I cannot bear all this." "Poor child!" he murmured, pityingly, as he laid his hands upon my throbbing temples. His touch was like magic; from his finger-tips a healing balm seemed to pass, which pervaded my entire frame. I felt no pain, no dread of anything he might have to say. I thought then, if Paul had given me a poisoned cup to drink, saying, "it is needful, Lucia," I should have drained it to the last drop, and felt no fear. "Can you hear me now?" he asked at length; "I have not long to be with you, and it is better that you should hear the truth from me." I bowed my head silently, and he proceeded in the same tone in which he had before spoken. "My father met me, as I have already said, and we walked together to his hotel. It was not necessary to be long with him to discover that he was in a bad humor with himself and all the world beside, and I did not wait long to learn that I was the unhappy cause of it all. He had had the pleasure of meeting me before that evening, he said, but I seemed so completely absorbed with the young lady with whom I was walking, that I had no eyes for any one else; might he be permitted to ask who the young lady was? I answered him very curtly, for I felt assured by his manner that he already knew everything that was rumored concerning us. I knew he had not been idle while awaiting my return. He said he had come to see after me, and the report of my doings which he had received from reliable persons in the village did not tend to reassure him that I was spending my time either profitably to myself or creditably to my family. He wished to know what my plans for the future were. When I told him, as briefly as possible, all that was needful for him to know, and ended it by saying, that as soon as circumstances permitted, I intended to make you my wife, I thought he would have struck me to the floor in his ungovernable rage. I was prepared for this and the furious outburst which followed. I will not pollute your ears with the vile epithets and bitter curses he heaped upon me, it I should dare perpetrate such a crime. When my father saw that his words were as air to me, that my purpose was fixed and unalterable, he seemed suddenly to have regained his lost senses. He instantly became cool and calm, and commenced questioning me afresh concerning you. He wished to know who your parents were. He had already betrayed his cognizance of certain facts in your history; he knew that you were Mr. Reed's adopted child, and I was obliged reluctantly to confess my ignorance of your parentage. At the same time, I asserted emphatically that I did not care who or what your parents were; to me you were Lucia Reed, a true, noble woman, and as such I loved you and would love you forevermore. He laughed me to scorn. He said I would not dare love you when I knew the truth. He aroused all the bitter, hard feelings of my nature by his words and his whole bearing towards me, and I defied him passionately to tell me anything that would change me one iota. I charged him, if he knew who your real parents were, to tell me at once. He arose slowly, and came nearer to me. He no longer seemed the same man. Every trace of passion had vanished from his countenance, his face was of an ashy paleness, and his trembling limbs scarcely seemed able to support him. I was stricken with some indefinable terror at the marked change in his appearance, and I involuntarily covered my face with my hands. Then I heard him say, plainly and without faltering, these never-to-be-forgotten words: 'I know who Lucia's parents are, Paul—none better than I; but I never intended that you should know it until death came between us. Now, you give me no choice; I must either tell you, or see you wedded to one, from whom every law, human and divine, separates you as widely apart as the gates of heaven and hell. Lucia Reed is my daughter and you are my son!' His words came upon me like a thunder-bolt. I sat there paralyzed with unutterable horror. Dumb, motionless, it was long before I could utter a word. When I made a feeble attempt to throw some doubt upon his assertion, he stopped me at once by referring me to Mr. Reed, who, he said, could not deny the truth of his statement. And he went on to say, that he had corresponded with Mr. Reed for some years after confiding his child to his care, but the wide divergence in their views respecting the 'peculiar institution' had led to a bitter quarrel, and he heard nothing directly either from Mr. Reed or his child for several years. Only a few days ago, he learned incidentally from a friend, who had just returned from a Western tour, that a beautiful Miss Reed was residing in A——, and to whom report said his son was betrothed. He felt a strong presentiment of evil that would not let him rest; hence his unlooked-for arrival here. And now it is over. I have told you all. I wrote you a letter last night, meaning to leave it for you to read after I had gone. My father advised this as the best and safest course. But when morning came, I felt that I must see you once more; I thought you would bear it better bearing it from my lips. I have come, and now ——"

"You will leave to-day?" "This morning, in the early train." A whirlwind of feelings swept over me as I heard his reply. It was fixed and immutable as fate. I felt wholly desolate and forsaken. I realized intensely all that Paul had been to me. What was life without his love? But I knew that it must be, and I was silent. I felt as though I was slowly turning to stone, so entirely passive I became. He stood up, and bade me farewell calmly. I tried to speak, but my frozen lips gave forth no sound. I only clasped my hands together, and something of the keen anguish, the utter desolation I felt must have revealed itself in my countenance. It moved him strangely. The marble mask which had hidden him from me fell from him, and I saw the warm, loving heart beneath it. He stretched out his arms towards me—"For the last time!—the last time!" he cried in a thrilling tone—"Lucia! Lucia!—I shall see you no more!" He drew me to his heart. Only a moment—a moment full of bitter sweetness, and we parted. Then the door closed upon him, and I was alone.

Yes, quite alone, with Paul's last words ringing in my ear, and with only one clearly defined thought in my brain: "I must go to my room, and be laid out, for the time has come to die." I remember groping my way up stairs blindly, for suddenly all had grown dark before me. I did not faint when I reached my room, but I felt as though my veins were filled with ice instead of blood, and I grew cold, very cold. Then some one seemed to be knocking a long while at the door. "It is locked," I thought. "I must go and let them in"; but I could not so much as lift a finger towards doing it. They must have got in by some means, for the room seemed crowded with people at last. I remember nothing more distinctly for a long, weary while. They told me afterwards that I had had a severe attack of brain fever, and the physicians all despaired of my life. My mother was the only one who hoped, and I think it was owing to her devoted love that I was saved. I know not why it was, but she tries to persuade me that it was for some good purpose that life was given me.

Here the manuscript closes somewhat abruptly. I have a few parting words to add, then my task is finished. After I had partially recovered my health and strength, my mother gave me several letters to read, which had been sent to me while I was ill. Two of them were from Paul. In one of these he said, "that he was still endeavoring to carry out his great work; he had given up all other hopes and plans but this, and to this he devoted his life. But he was weary, hopeless and despairing, and he wanted a word of good cheer from me. Would I not write to him?" In the last letter he wondered at my silence, but still implored me to write. It was then he asked me if I would not write him the story of my past life; he wished to have it for a particular purpose. I wrote him a long letter, and many letters passed between us, but it was some time before I felt able to comply with his request.

Paul Verree died in the harness, nobly working for a great and holy cause; but he died without seeing his work accomplished. Only a year after his death, the large estate of Mr. Verree was brought to the hammer, and the slaves for whom his son had worked, and prayed and suffered, were sold at the auction block. God was more merciful than man to him. Paul Verree rests in peace.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

NOT ONE HATH DIED IN VAIN.

BY BELLE BUSH.

Not a warrior went down to the grave in vain,
Not one, not one,
Of all the thousands in combat slain
By the deadly rain,
The fearful, terrible, leaden rain,
That hissed and thundered along the plain,
When the fiends of war held a carnival,
And Death was the guest that danced with all
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a hero for freedom hath died unwept,
Not one, not one;
Tears, bright tears for the brave are kept;
And where they slept—
Wounded and mangled, in stillness slept—
When the shadows of death o'er their eylids crept,
There Love hath been with her calm sweet spell,
And her heart's best gift for EACH ONE that fell
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one among them shall be forgot,
Not one, not one,
Who on that fearfully hallowed spot
Bore well his lot—
The soldier's perilous weary lot;
From deeds like theirs the forget-me-not
Of fame springs up, and its fadeless bloom
Shall wreath with garlands each lowly tomb
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one of their number shall be unblessed,
Not one, not one;
But the grateful hearts of the long oppressed,
Their wrongs redressed,
By them in courage and strength redressed,
Shall sing in chorus and call them blessed,
And reverently pause by each grave to tell
How bravely, how nobly their brothers fell
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a soldier shall sleep in the grave unsung,
Not one, not one;
Fame hath a trumpet and Love a tongue,
That hearts now wrung—
With grief and sorrow and anguish wrung
Shall use, to teach to the harps unstrung
The lofty speech that is due in praise
Of those who gathered their greenest bays
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one for his country has died in vain,
Not one, not one!
The God of Justice, whose equal reign
O'erlooks the plain—
The blood-stained, terrible battle plain—
Has care for the SOULS of the HEROES slain.
His love takes note of them, EVERY ONE,
He knoweth WHOSE DUTY was NOBLY done
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one went down to the dull dark grave,
Not one, not one,
But rising victorious from out the wave
Of life they gave—
The crimson, mysterious tide they gave—
For the noble cause they were strong to serve,
Their souls passed on to the higher ranks
Of the shining hosts that o'erlooked our flanks
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a sacrifice we can make is vain,
Not one, not one,
That lifts us up from a lower plane
To greet the reign—
The mild, but firm and impartial reign—
Of Justice, that rose with a star-eyed train
From the dust, the thunder and battle-smoke,
When the light on her Bride, sweet Freedom, broke
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a tyrant sits on a royal throne,
Not one, not one,
That shall not yield to the power that's grown
From that field alone—
That blood-stained, terrible field alone—
And tremble, while struggling to save his own
From the withering blaze of that glorious star,
That rose o'er the din and the shock of war
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a traitor bears in the strife a part,
Not one, not one,
That shall not feel in his soul the smart
Of the hero's art,
The high, o'ermastering, enduring art
By which our freemen with ready dart
Drove back the haughty, rebellious horde,
That met them proudly with fire and sword
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a patriot lives, or a hero soul,
Not one, not one,
That shall not yield to the strong control
Of thoughts that roll,
In solemn rapture and stillness roll,
Toward the distant but bright'ning goal
Of hopes that oft in the warrior rose,
Triumphant over his human woes,
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a wounded soldier is suffering there,
Not one, not one,
Who bore with a hero heart his share
In the fierce warfare,
The deadly, terrible, wild warfare,
For the cause of Liberty trembling there,
But feels to say in his heart, "Thank God,
The blood of freemen redeemed the sod
On the fields of Gettysburg."

Not a brother is wearing the bondman's chain,
Not one, not one,
That shall not thrill with the hope again,
That their sigh and pain,
Their life-long sigh and their torturing pain,
Will die, and their chains be rent in twain.
In the bloody field and the carnage dire,
They see the glimmer of Freedom's fire
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a year shall pass, or a circling age,
Not one, not one,
That truth shall not in her cause engage
To turn the page,
The gloriously written immortal page,
Traced there in blood and in battle rage,
Upon the fearfully "foughten field,"
When the Bride of Justice stood forth revealed
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a land is known, or a distant clime,
Not one, not one,
That shall not thrill with their solemn chime,
Or sing in rhyme,
In echo's sweet and melodious rhyme,
The songs that greeted the halls of time,
And sounded in triumph along the dells
When Freedom was ringing her marriage bells
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa.

MOSTLY ABOUT A SLAVE'S BACK.

From The Springfield Republican.

Boston, July 30.—Have you ever seen the card photograph of a slave's back? Scarred, wilted with marks of the lash, it makes every nerve in one's body shrink to look at the thing, taken from life, and in a civilized land. The patient expression of the slave's face makes his condition seem more pitiful. Spite of friendly remonstrance, I keep it in my photograph book among saints and Madonnas, and force myself to look at it. I do not understand the tenderness that rather than wound its own nerves by acquaintance with such miseries, would let fellow-beings endure them through weary years. But there is a great deal more of this kind than of genuine sympathy in the world. The same shrinking gentleness leads many to turn from Mrs. Kemble's Southern Diary. It is full of stern facts, related with dramatic power and distinctness; sometimes more harrowing than the pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin, because true; and sometimes also, because true, more amusing. To one who has seen Mrs Kemble in character, it is a fascinating book, full of clearly defined pictures, and she pacing through them all—the womanly genius, the majestic tragedy-queen. The more incongruous her position, the more entirely she is herself—bathing black babies—perched on the cricket to cut a dress for Diana, "my bronze statute"—making the shiftless negro's fire, and thanking Heaven that she knows how to use her hands—weeping over the old man who dies on the bare floor uncomforted, flies creeping over his face, "and he is *my* slave!"—always she is Mrs. Kemble, the warm-hearted, clear-headed woman, quick with tender pity for suffering and indignant protest against wrong. Her slaveholding husband must have led a sorry life between the protests and the pity. There are materials in the book for two or three novels. Sometimes the descriptions are admirable, giving the wildness of the lone island, the beauty of the sunset river, the squalor of the slave-huts and the whole grave pageant of human life with its hopes and gains and glooms and despairs—needing no wider field than that little marshy island, and a poet's pen to make record. One of the slaves was buried at evening, according to the custom; Mrs. Kemble knelt among them, her husband only of the group remaining on his feet. "In this slave soil, surrounded by MY slaves, among whom again I knelt, while the words proclaiming to the living and the dead the everlasting covenant of freedom, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' sounded over the prostrate things, and mingled with the heavy flowing of the vast river sweeping not far from where we stood, through the darkness by which we were now encompassed."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

From The London Star, Aug. 1.

"The American Iliad in a Nutshell" is the title of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's latest publication. In the pages—rather in a small portion of one page—of *Macmillan's Magazine*, the author of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" has settled the American question at last. *Dixit*—the oracle has spoken; and there is an end of the matter. Nobody can fail to be curious about the view which a man whom his admirers exalt into a preacher and prophet takes of one of the greatest questions debated with pen or sword during modern ages. Mr. Carlyle's "Iliad" is in the eclogue form. Peter of the North accuses Paul of the South of hiring his servants "for life, not by the month or year as I do." Paul rejoins, "The risk is my own—I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven—leave me to my own method." But Peter says, "No, I won't; I will beat your brains out first." And, concludes Mr. Carlyle, with graceful pleasantry, "he is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it." That is all: there is what Mr. Carlyle calls "Ilias Americana in Nuce." Is it not profound, comprehensive, philosophic, and withal droll? Was it not considerate and charitable of a great writer to concoct this charming scrap of combined wit and wisdom, to write it down, polish it, make a fair copy, send it to a magazine, correct the proof, and then permit the world to read and be instructed?

One great merit there is in Mr. Carlyle's oracular utterance; and for this we thank him. It recognizes the fact that the contest is about slavery and about nothing else. It encourages none of the miserable pretenses about tariffs and trade with which Southern champions in England—not in America—used to strive to delude the English public. Mr. Carlyle describes the struggle as one originated by Quixotic Peter of the North to prevent Paul of the South from enjoying in peace his peculiar institution. And therein lies the source of Mr. Carlyle's contempt for the North. With Thomas Carlyle's general creed as well as with his special views on the negro question we are all acquainted. Sympathy with the weak appears to him simply ludicrous and despicable. The only right he cares to recognize is that of the strong man to exercise his strength in any way he likes.

He exults when Cromwell shoots down out of hand a trooper who offers a word of remonstrance; he smiles grimly at the barbarous freaks of Frederick William of Prussia; he chuckles in telling that Peter the Great committed a rape; he is grimly humorous when describing how the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris publicly "fustigated," as he says, whole batches of women. No feeble sympathy with weakness from such a man! "His eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes drop tears." The public in general have grown of late to recognize this sort of thing as a kind of mannerism, or eccentricity, or affectation, and to be amused without being angered by it: just as they put up with Mr. Ruskin's politico-economics, or Thackeray's egotisms, or Dickens's peculiar phraseology and whimsical conceits. As regards the special slavery question, too, we are all prepared for the Carlylean views.

We knew long ago what the writer had to say about "Quashie," and the discipline proper for that humble and weakly brother. In his life of Sterling, Mr. Carlyle speaks with good-humored pity of the weakness of his hero, who positively would have been for consulting the negroes themselves as to whether they liked to be slaves or not; and the biographer is much amused at the notion of a rational Englishman thinking that it mattered in the least what the slaves themselves might happen to feel about their lot. Therefore, we can easily understand that any effort directed toward emancipation of slaves must appear to Mr. Carlyle profoundly ridiculous and despicable. A mighty war for the sake of conquest and the annexation of territory, such as Frederick the Great would have made—that, of course, would be sublime and glorious. But war to set some millions of negroes free is a style of undertaking which the true philosopher, raised above paltry prejudice and feeble sympathy, must look down upon with lofty scorn.

It would be idle to dispute the political correctness of Mr. Carlyle's illustration. It would be a waste of time to show that not Peter of the North, but Paul of the South, commenced the beating out of brains; and that Paul only did so because Peter had chosen a President who hired his servants by the week or month, and not for life, as Paul always did. We are not inclined, moreover, to labor too hard for the purpose of demonstrating how Mr. Carlyle's little allegory fails in its application. Let it be that Peter of the North went to war right away to prevent Paul from perpetuating and extending slavery; let us ignore, if Mr. Carlyle chooses, the constitutional question altogether, and the not unimportant fact that Paul happened to be the aggressor. The main point for us is, that the writer who perhaps counts the greatest number of voiciferous and rapturous followers in the present day, admits that the Northerns are fighting to put down slavery, and the Southerns to maintain it.

Let Mr. Carlyle call slavery hiring for life; it does not matter about phrases when we all mean the same thing. Except for the sake of the writer's own reputation, we are glad that he has published his "American Iliad." It may help to demonstrate the true character of the struggle which some people even still would endeavor to hide or misinterpret, and it will make no new converts to slavery. For Mr. Carlyle has chosen to pen these few lines in plain, bare English; and has, therefore, disarmed himself. He has shorn himself of his strength, like Samson. He has overpowers our senses and our judgment while he uses his Teutonic terminology—his big, resonant words—his bewildering, grandiose, mysterious phrases. Any extravagances of opinion may be palmed off upon us while we are wildly striving to understand all about the Mudgods and the Thorhammers, and the Star-fire, and the Realites, and the Simulacra, and the Vastnesses, Eternities, Silences, and all the rest of the extraordinary noun-substantives which Mr. Carlyle showers upon his awe-stricken readers. But when he writes in plain English, we can all understand his doctrine, and take it for what it is worth.

Contentedly, then, we learn from the "Ilias Americana" that Mr. Carlyle thinks negro slavery a perfectly convenient and unobjectionable form of servitude; that he considers Paul of the South as quite justified in retaining it at all cost; that he either knows nothing or cares nothing about the preliminary history of the political aspects of the present struggle; that he only sees in it a slave emancipator at war with a slaveholder, and that therefore all his sympathies go earnestly with the latter. Such being Mr. Carlyle's views, we should prefer, for the sake of one who, with all his faults, is a great writer and a man of genius, that he had enveloped them in that silence which he so often commends. But as he has chosen to give them to the world, and in a style which shows that he thinks he is delivering an oracle, we can only express our gratification that he too acknowledges the American war to be a struggle for and against slavery.

ABRA'S VISION.

Abra Ham Lincoln, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night—for wonders ne'er will cease—
And saw amid the gaslight in his room,
Looking as dark as the great day of doom,
A grinning negro, black, grotesque, and old.
Long thoughts of war had made our Abra bold;
"What wantest thou?" he to the phantom cried.
"I wants to know, old mars'," the form replied,
"What you be gwine to do wid dis ere chile?"
Abra Ham frowned, then said with serious smile,
"'Tis written in Heaven, and this is my decree—
Both you and yours henceforward must be free.
My word is given. And now, old man, depart."
But why upsprings he with a sudden start?
No more he sees a negro, black and old,
But a fair angel, with his locks of gold,
Radiant as morn, and gladsome as the Spring.
"I am the soul of that soiled, earthly thing
Thou saw'st but now. I thank thee from my heart,
Abra Ham Lincoln. Thou the better part
Hast chosen for thyself and for thy land.
For this one deed stand thou at God's right hand."
The angel vanished. Abra slept no more,
But paced all night in thought his chamber floor.

—*Phila. Sat. Eve. Post.* H. P.

WILLIAM CRAFT'S VISIT TO DAHOMEY.

From The London Dial.

That noble colored man, Mr. William Craft, has at last had an interview with the King of Dahomey. This king is a paradox. What we read of the orgies of cruelty in which he indulges from time to time would make us believe that he was a veritable Moloch whose thirst for blood nothing could appease. But his reception of Mr. Craft proves that he has another and more kindly nature. He knew that the stranger's object was to induce him to subvert customs which he had inherited from a long line of sanguinary chiefs, and to adopt ideas which, to his uncivilized apprehension, must appear passing strange if not utterly chimerical. Yet his greeting, if somewhat rude, was joyous and hearty. He sent guides to meet Mr. Craft on the coast and conduct him to the place where the King was residing. As he approached Kannah he was met by troops belonging to the King's body-guard, and a salvo of artillery was fired in his honor. The King received him with the greatest cordiality, and expressed a desire that he would settle at Whydah and enter into trade with the natives. The sable potentate went so far as to present him with a large piece of ground at Whydah, on which he might erect warehouses; and he also offered him as much land as he might want for the cultivation of cotton. Mr. Craft is about to return to England, but he seems bent on going back to the land of his ancestors and prosecuting with renewed energy the work which he has so well begun. We have always been of opinion that this is the only way in which idolatry and barbarism can be successfully assailed in Africa. If Mr. Craft can induce the Dahomians to give up their hideous customs and to engage in legitimate trade he will obtain for himself an honorable place among the benefactors of mankind, and at the same time render an incalculable service to Africa.

Mr. Craft, in a letter addressed to the Dahomey Committee, gives an interesting account of his receptions. Writing from Kannah on the 30th of May, he says: "At ten o'clock on the 8th, the King sent a large body of troops to conduct me to the palace, where I was received with great consideration. 21 guns were fired for me while we were conversing. We arrived at Kannah on Saturday night, the 9th, after having travelled about sixty miles over (for the most part) a good road, with extensive corn-fields on both sides. On reaching Agrimey on Friday, the 8th, the King's wives of that place, with twenty maids, or 'ladies-in-waiting,' came to their gate to welcome me. Strange to say, there was a line drawn, or rather sticks laid down, about twenty feet from these 'beauties,' over which no man was allowed to pass without losing his head. The ladies sent me some good things for dinner, which, of course, I acknowledged in the usual way. The King proposed the healt of the Queen of England, and fired eleven guns for her. There were six special guides sent by the King and his ministers to Whydah to conduct us to Kannah, where his majesty has been staying since his return from the last war or hunt. At Agrimey (which is eight or ten miles from Kannah) we met two messengers, sent by the King, to inquire after the health of the Queen and her Ministers, and also after my own well-being. The men stated that the King wished me to remain at Agrimey till the next day, as he intended to send a detachment of royal troops to escort us to Kannah. About four o'clock p.m. on the 9th, forty or fifty of the King's life guards arrived, and gave me a hearty salute. After they had taken some refreshment, and a great deal of rum, we were requested to get in our hammocks and follow them. As soon as we were ready, the soldiers commenced cheering, singing, dancing, and firing, which did not cease till after we had reached our house in Kannah. The next day, the 10th, the King sent a large number of troops to conduct me to the palace, where he had prepared to give me a grand reception, the particulars of which I must give you on my return home in August. The King, his ministers, and all the great men with whom I have spoken, are very anxious for me to settle at Whydah, and to trade with them. His majesty has given me a very large place for business there. It is a whole square, in the best part of the town. He has also promised to give me as much land and as many people as I may wish to have, to cultivate cotton. The King has also stated that if I will return from England and stop at Whydah, he and his people will grow cotton on a large scale. All the great men with whom I have spoken quite approve of the new idea of growing cotton for exportation. By God's blessing I shall be in England on the 10th of August next, and give you a detailed account of my mission. I have now, gentlemen, the honor to state, on the part of the King of Dahomey, that in appreciation of your disinterested kindness in assisting me to lay fully before him the great and lasting benefits to accrue from vigorous legitimate commerce, he has placed in my hands five captive boys, whose ages are, I think, from nine to eleven years, as presents from him. The King wishes me to give one to Mr. Gurney, one to Mr. Hodgkin, one to Mr. Fowler, and one to Mr. J. G. Barclay. (The fifth boy was given to me.)"

TESTIMONY OF A COMPETENT WITNESS.

[Among the speakers at the recent celebration of the Anniversary of W. I. Emancipation at Abington, was a lady whose remarks are thus reported in *The Liberator*.]

Mrs. J. R. Van Benthuysen, of Middleboro, desiring to say a few words, was introduced, and spoke in a rapid and fluent manner somewhat as follows: I am a native of Middleboro in this State. In 1845, I went South with Hon. John A. Shaw of Bridgewater as a teacher in New Orleans, Mr. S. having been appointed Superintendent of Schools there. In descending the Mississippi, I met a family named Van Benthuysen. They were very attentive, the ladies communicative, the gentlemen polite (I afterwards married one of them). They made many inquiries of me, as an unsophisticated "down-east" girl, who might be supposed to know something of New England politics, and the feelings of New England people towards the South. I was a Democrat, daughter of a Democrat, and a full believer in Jeffersonian doctrines—not in favor of slavery, but believing it would be a work of time to remove it, and, meantime, the least agitation of the question the best. Mr. Van B., the head of the family, was then full of the project to start a newspaper in Mississippi to advocate Southern rights generally, and slaveholders' rights very particularly; and was expecting his chief support to come from Joe and Jeff. Davis (brothers), to whom he was related, and upon whose plantation just below Vicksburg the Van B. family lived. They invited me to change my plans and remain with them. But I pursued my way to New Orleans, and engaged in my teacher's duties there. At the end of the year, I was again invited by Mrs. Van B. to her house, and I went. Mr. Van B. had then been publishing his paper, *The Jeffersonian*, about a year. It had advocated extreme Southern doctrine, and was feeling the way to secession and Southern independence. The Davises (Joe. and Jeff.) contributed four thousand dollars to its support. But in two years it failed for want of support, and stopped; and, soon after, its editor died. In 1848, I married his oldest son, and went to live on the Davis plantation at Hurricane Bend, so called from a terrible tornado which had swept over that region, changing the course of the river. At Hurricane Plantation the plots for the new confederacy were carried on vigorously, and I was sometimes present where I could not fail to overhear something of the conversation between the Davises and their frequent visitors. I shall never forget a definition which I once heard Jeff. Davis give of an Abolitionist. Said he—"Whoever does not believe in slavery as a just and beneficent institution, a necessary element in a well-regulated social system, an educating and civilizing power—second only, in these respects, to the Christian religion itself—is an Abolitionist." This startled me; I abhorred such doctrine as that. They got tired of continually toting their slave-messengers forward and back with their post-office matter. So, at the call of these plotters, a post-office was established at Hurricane Bend, called Hurricane post-office—all paid for by good easy Uncle Sam, as usual—and this office was the medium through which these conspirators communicated with the rest of the country. Their plan was to develop everywhere, to the utmost extent, the resources of the South, to raise themselves everything needed in their own region, and thus make the South entirely independent of the North. In regard to food and clothing, they had no doubt of being able to effect this; but they were troubled greatly on the *medicine* question! What to do for *medicine*, they couldn't tell, until the hydropathic system came into vogue, and they went into that enthusiastically, believing that the Yankees couldn't blockade the water out. So they went to taking and giving cold water and hot water, etc., and felt convinced they could do without medicine. They talked splendidly about centralization of power, and the necessity of a *strong government*. They got it, I think, not long after, under the administration of Gen. Butler. In 1850 (?) the separation of the slaveholding States was fully determined upon, and believed to be a sure thing—only a question of time. Those who think that Abraham Lincoln's election caused secession had better forever abandon that nonsense and delusion. About this time, the fortification of Ship Island as a protection to New Orleans, was determined upon—ost